

# The Sketch



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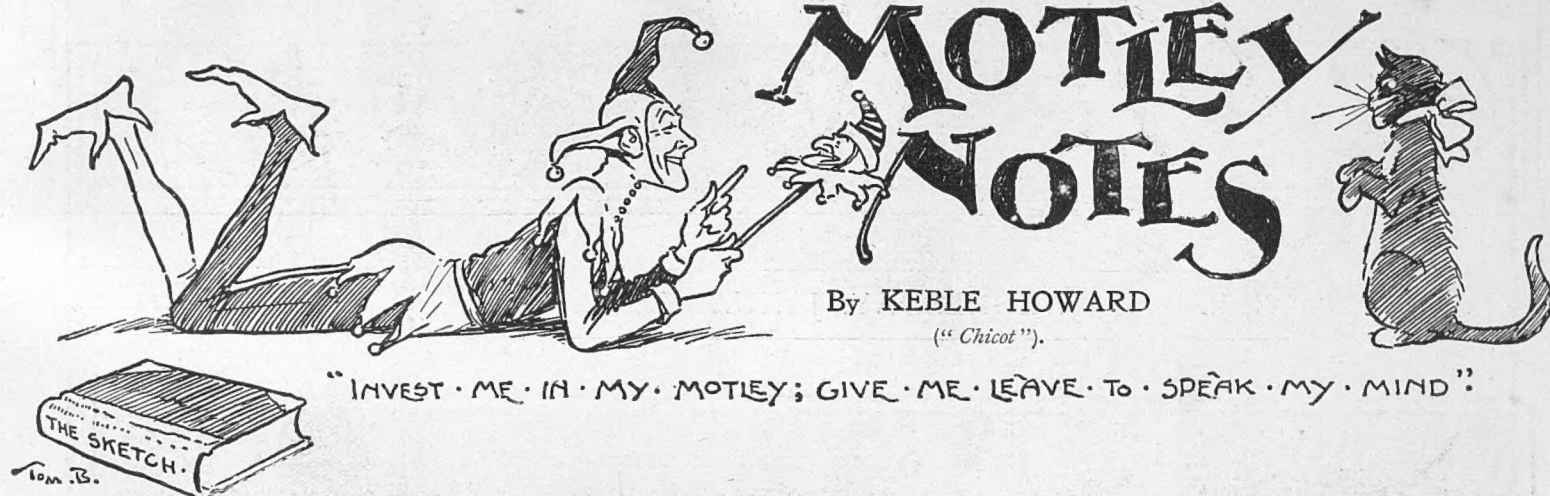
SIXPENCE.



LADY CURZON IN DURBAR DRESS.

*Photograph by Bourne and Shepherd, Calcutta.*





CAN anyone tell me what it is about the theatre that tends to morbidity? I ask the question because I have just been reading that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones was an interested spectator of a recent trial for murder. One swallow, however, does not make a summer, and I may therefore remind you, in support of my theory, that Mr. Seymour Hicks and several equally well-known theatrical people were to be seen in Court almost daily during the hearing of a similar case some little time ago. Now, no one who has seen Mr. Hicks on the stage of the Vaudeville would suspect him of morbidity. I am not so sure about Mr. Jones; that Monte Carlo play of his rather verged upon the morbid. One paper, I noticed, explained his presence at the trial on the ground that he was keenly studying the psychology of the case. That's all very well, but I take leave to doubt whether a Court of Law is the best place in the world to study psychology. I should have thought that Mr. Jones would have done much better, from the student's point of view, if he had stayed at home and read a good account of the evidence in the *Daily Telegraph*. Certainly, he would glean very little as to the prisoner's character by watching the man as he stood in the dock.

It seems rather like heresy to say so, but I am inclined to think that Mr. Jones attended the murder trial for exactly the same reason that all the other spectators attended it, namely, to gratify his curiosity. After all, there's nothing to be ashamed of in that. It is natural to everybody to be curious, as is evidenced by the fact that the Vicar of St. James's Church, Clerkenwell, has been able to get together a congregation on a Thursday night by holding his service in the dark. The Vicar maintains that the people come to the service in the dark because they can do so without letting their neighbours see their shabby clothes. And yet they had to pass two electric-lamps at the door! Mind you, I am not trying to disparage an enterprising device to get people to church; it seems to me, however, that one might just as well acknowledge frankly that the majority of the congregation attended the service out of curiosity. I have done exactly the same thing myself. I have been to services held at twelve o'clock at night and at four o'clock in the morning, but I did not disguise from myself that it was the novelty of the hour that attracted me. Nor was it difficult to determine the actuating motive so far as the majority of the congregation was concerned.

Of all the fads calculated to ruin the temper and digestions of people who are influenced by it, this semi-teetotalism seems to me the most likely. Ever since the world began, I suppose, doctors have been trying to teach the unlearned in medical science that they should not mix drink with their food. And now, just as people were beginning to believe them, along comes somebody who persuades the mob that the only way to be saved, soul and body, is to drink at meals in preference to any other time. I have seen it stated, also, by the inventors of this latest temperance toy, that a man seldom or never gets drunk at the table. And yet our ancestors, who strongly believed in drinking with their food, generally finished up under the table. The custom was not invariable, of course, but it prevailed very largely amongst those who could afford to follow it. Semi-teetotalism, to tell the truth, is nothing more or less than temperance perverted. If a man can trust himself to drink at all, he can also trust himself to select the right time for drinking. As for the weak-minded man, it is sheer cruelty to tell him that he may drink as much as he likes so long as he sits at a table and nibbles a biscuit between-times.

I have just received a copy of a new publication entitled the *Predictionist*. This is "a periodical devoted to the national, political, and international prophecies of William Heald, by the aid of his new science, Chromoscopy." Mr. Heald's readers will be grateful to him for several useful hints with regard to the month of February. For example, I notice that the second week of next month "will give general satisfaction," whereas the third week "will be most troublesome." I must try and arrange to take a holiday during the third week of February, particularly since Mr. Heald has discovered that "impulsive speculations in this week would bring disaster to speculators." Under the heading of "General Advice," I find that the sixth day of February will be an "excellent day for anything," whilst on the 8th or 9th one must "keep generally quiet." It is thoughtful of Mr. Heald to provide against the terrible orgies in which his readers will probably indulge on the 6th. By the way, this gentleman does not intend to keep the science of Chromoscopy to himself. On the contrary, you can take lessons in the art for the trifling sum of fifty shillings per quarter. It is surely worth much more than that to be able to say, with conviction, that on the 21st of February one should guard against fire!

To judge from his article in the current number of the *Saturday Review*, the usually cheerful "Max" is sorely in need of a holiday. He calls his essay, as far as I remember, "The Invariable Badness of Amateur Acting," but he would have done much better to have headed the grumble "The Beastly Nuisance of Having to Write an Article When You Don't Feel Like It." For, the unfortunate amateurs having been disposed of, the essayist proceeds to show that professionalism in any other line, particularly in that of writing, is likely to fall below the level attained by the intelligent amateur. "Max," it seems, is tired of having to reside in London; he would prefer any other city—even Oxford—as a place of residence. Most of us, I suppose, feel like that at times, but, as a general rule, I would rather live a whole year in London than one week in any other city—particularly Oxford. To return to the amateur actors for a moment, "Max" is quite wrong, in my opinion, when he says that the amateur has the advantage over the professional in that he thinks out a part for himself and does not necessarily follow the stereotyped lines. My own experience of the amateur is quite contrary to that. His great ambition is to play some part that has been made famous by a "star" professional actor, and to reproduce the professional's performance to the very gesture.

One generally expects prettiness to be the distinguishing feature of the pantomime at the Coronet Theatre. This year, however, although the scenery is dainty enough, the main attraction of "The Forty Thieves" is low comedy. To be sure, Mr. Saunders has secured two first-rate comedians in Mr. John Schofield and Mr. James Blakeley; both these gentlemen possess a keen sense of fun and keep the audience highly amused. Yet one would have liked to hear more of Miss Winifred Hare's delightful singing; as it was, her coon song was quite the most artistic as well as the most popular turn of the evening. Miss Lily Elsie, the principal girl, is exceptionally good, and Mr. R. Saker Harlow, who plays the donkey, does as much as anybody to make the audience laugh. I have only seen five of this season's pantomimes up to the present, but, of those five, the Coronet show is certainly the best.



THE NEW SAVOY OPERA.



"A PRINCESS OF KENSINGTON": SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

(See "The Stage from the Stalls.")



## THE CLUBMAN.

*Mounting Guards at the Royal Palaces—The A B C of Patriotism—The New Licensing Act and Bogus Clubs—The late Julian Ralph.*

HIS MAJESTY THE KING evidently intends "guard-mounting" at the Royal Palaces to be a pleasure to the Court as well as to the people. In future, when the King is at Buckingham Palace, the mounting of the guards will take place on the fine open parade before the front of the great mansion, and their Majesties and the Court will view the ceremonial parade from the balconies, while the public in its thousands will be able to line the railings instead of obtaining the very limited view it does at St. James's. At Windsor, the King has commanded the band to play in the Quadrangle during guard-mounting, and has looked on at the ceremony. In these khaki days of sternly practical soldiering, the "Trooping" of the Colour and the elaborate ceremonial of mounting and relieving guards are all that remain of what may be called the courtesies of the parade-ground. When a relieving guard comes to take over the duties of a guard to be relieved, each pays the other the highest honours possible, and there are certain pretty customs with the guard over the Sovereign in the decoration of the Colour on days of special victories which are likely to have even more importance now than heretofore.

In London, the Trooping of the Colour is seen only once a year, on the Birthday Parade, and I am sure that the Londoners wish that they could see the interesting ceremony performed more often. At St. James's there is not room for the parade of the Colour down the line and the subsequent march past of the Guards, but at Buckingham Palace there would be space for any ceremonial. At Dublin the custom used to be, and probably still is, to Troop the Colour every Monday morning; and at Portsmouth and other great garrison towns the public see far more of the ceremonial side of soldier life than the Londoners do. I have no wish to see our Army Teutonised more than it is at present, but the public honour done to the Colours of the regiments as the emblems of military honour is far greater in Germany than in England. In London, if one sees a man take off his hat as the Colour is carried through the street to guard-mounting, one at once puts him down as being an old soldier, for not one in ten civilians have ever thought what the square of silk represents. A Frenchman always salutes the flag which means so much to him, and to a German the Colours of a regiment are almost a fetish.

Now that our schools are all to be ironed out on exactly the same pattern, I would humbly suggest to the gentlemen in whose hands the future training of the children of Great Britain lies that one of the subjects that should be taught in every school is patriotism. The schools of the United States imbue every child with it. In every school-house in the great Republic there is the flag of the Stars and the Stripes—"Old Glory," as our cousins overseas call it—and every baby learns what it represents. In after life this bears fruit, and it is pleasant to see the unaffected delight that the sight of the flag of his country always gives to an American. The story of our Union Jack is as interesting as the tale of the Stars and Stripes, and the crosses which form it each has its history, but I doubt very much whether most of our children know anything at all about it, and I know that most of our grown-up people, when they hang it out of their windows or hoist it on their flag-staffs, put it upside down. This is the century of Leagues, and I would humbly suggest to some patriotic great lady that she should start the "A B C League of Patriotism," to give to every school in the United Kingdom the national flag, to be hung on the wall with a framed explanation below it of what its meaning is.

The new Licensing Act has been of some use to the lawyers already, and, no doubt, will benefit humanity in general later on. The Committee-men of every Club have thought it necessary to go very carefully through the Club rules, and many solicitors who had quite forgotten that they were accredited to Clubs, happy like kingdoms in having no history, have been awakened to the fact by a request to overhaul the book of rules and to advise as to any alterations

necessary. As the Act is not intended to interfere in any way with legitimate institutions, Clubs owned by the members, as most are nowadays, have only had, where any alterations were necessary at all, to make their rules as to the admission of visitors very clear. The Clubs which used to flourish and which were drinking-houses without a licence now come under the ban of the police. There used to be one or two Clubs in London with very fine names where any man who possessed dress-clothes was never asked whether he was a member or not. I remember once being asked by an acquaintance whether I would, well past midnight, come into such-and-such a Club, which has now disappeared, and smoke a cigar and drink a night-cap. We walked straight into the smoking-room, my host leading the way, and, when he had rung the bell, he found that he had no money in his pocket. "That doesn't matter," he said. "You must be the member and I will be your guest"; and, when the waiter in plush breeches and silk stockings appeared, I ordered the necessary liquid and asked for the cigar-box, though it had never occurred to me till too late that my companion was not a member. I heard afterwards that at this particular establishment, if a man looked as though he ought to be a member, nobody troubled their mind about him when once he was past the hall-porter, and that an inquiry as to whether Mr. Smith was in the Club was quite sufficient to pass anyone by that functionary's box if he happened to be wide awake.



THE LATE MR. JULIAN RALPH, JOURNALIST AND WAR CORRESPONDENT.

*Photograph by Russell, Baker Street, W.*

I was sincerely sorry to hear of the death of that clever writer and War Correspondent, Mr. Julian Ralph. An American born, he received his journalistic training on several New York journals. To these he contributed for more than a score of years, and then from 1896 to 1899 he was the *Journal's* London Correspondent. In the latter year he went out to South Africa as the representative of the *Daily Mail*, whose readers were indebted to him for many excellent and informative articles during the course of the War. His health, however, broke down, and he was compelled to return home; unfortunately, too late, for his death was undoubtedly due to the illness he had contracted. Mr. Ralph was a great traveller and a voluminous writer. The War afforded him material for three admirable volumes, "Towards Pretoria," "At Pretoria," and "War's Brighter Side," the latter recounting his experiences with Lord Methuen's Division and afterwards with the Commander-in-Chief.

If the fourth exhibition of the Women's International Art Club at the Grafton Gallery is not quite so strong as that of last year, it shows a great deal of ability and quite a remarkable amount of temperament. Near the entrance is one of the prettiest colour-arrangements in the show. I mean Miss Knapping's "After Sunset, St. Ives," wherein the mystery of the delicate evening tones is intensified by the well-rendered gleams of artificial light that appear here and there. Some originality is to be noted in Miss F. Molony's "Landing Fish Off the Coast of France"; Miss Maud Coleridge's "Mrs. Harry Webley and Doria" is to be admired; there is poetical feeling in Miss Wheelhouse's "Moment Musical," with flashes of firelight falling on the girl at the piano; and Miss Cohen's "Qualifying for the Coaching Club," a child "playing horses" with a doll, is full of life. The water-colours show spirited execution, and are a strong feature, as usual.

The popularity of the winter exhibitions of the Royal Academy is a remarkable circumstance that goes to show that the English are not such an inartistic people, after all. The galleries are daily thronged by visitors who are able to see in the Old Masters some of those special qualities that are only to be found through study. Of course, everyone may rejoice in those two renderings of eighteenth-century beauty by George Romney, the portraits of Mrs. Robinson and the Hon. Charlotte Clive, and these, in their sweet and simple dignity, are really as charming as anything in the exhibition. Van Dyck's picture of Queen Henrietta Maria, Charles the First's unhappy Consort, whom the artist always depicted in the most sympathetic manner, must necessarily have an interest also for every visitor. But there are many pictures in this excellent show, examples of old English and Dutch landscape-painters, compositions by Paul Veronese, Tintoretto, and others, and notably the forceful portrait of "Nicholas Ruts," by Rembrandt, that demand no little artistic knowledge for their proper appreciation.





MISS MURIEL BEAUMONT AS LADY AGATHA IN "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON"  
AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

*Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*



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### TO ARTISTS.

Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits.  
 Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.

### TO AUTHORS.

The Editor is always open to consider short stories (three thousand words in length), short sets of verses, and illustrated articles of a topical or general nature. Stories and verses are paid for according to merit: general articles at a fixed rate.

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### GENERAL NOTICES.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

Rejected contributions are invariably returned within the shortest possible time.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

Preliminary letters are not desired.

No use will be made of circular matter.

Whenever possible, business should be conducted by post. The Editor cannot receive visitors except by appointment.

All stories, verses, and articles should be type-written.

## ART NOTES.

THE most conspicuous event in art circles is the election of Sir E. A. Waterlow as a full member of the Royal Academy in place of the veteran painter of scriptural scenes, Mr. Frederick Goodall, who has retired. There are always differences of opinion about the artistic virtues of new R.A.'s, and half-a-dozen artists will give you half-a-dozen names which, in their opinion, should have been preferred to that selected; but in the present case, even if a more brilliant painter might have been chosen, the honour could scarcely fall on one who has earned it by more patient and conscientious devotion to his work. Sir E. A. Waterlow has not been greatly influenced by "advanced" theories. He stands as the representative of English landscape of the quiet order, without the French admixture, and carries on the traditions of David Cox. It is a type of landscape that must always gain appreciation in British eyes.

A fluttering of the studios is necessarily caused by so unusual an event as the election of two Associates, and the recent choice is still discussed with the characteristic ardour that might easily be mistaken for indignation, for so many distinguished and experienced artists have been passed over in favour of those two fortunate young men, Mr. J. Bacon and Mr. Arnesley Brown. The latter, with all his Bushey training, shows little of the influence of Professor Herkomer. Mr. Brown has an individual conception of Nature and a most seductive technique. His contributions of cattle and dewy meadows to the Royal Academy exhibitions of the last two years have been distinguished works that fully justify his advancement. Mr. Bacon's election is said to have been due to his picture of the "C.I.V." at the Guildhall. It is not a work that seems to me to call for exceptional admiration, but the pictorial difficulties that it involved have to be taken into consideration. Many painters would have been bewildered at having to represent so many figures, all clad alike and differing only as facial types; but Mr. Bacon approached the work boldly and achieved a creditable result from a most unpromising undertaking.

There is, by the way, an admirable opportunity of admiring Sir E. A. Waterlow's work in combination with that of others in the Landscape Exhibition at the Dudley Gallery. As usual, it consists of a small number of carefully selected pictures by a few leaders of the art, the work of each being seen to advantage in separate groups, and a general feeling of harmony pervades the Gallery, despite the differences of style. Mr. Mark Fisher radiates the glow of summer, some of his pictures sparkling in the light of the evening sun, such as "Farm Work," in which a singularly strong colour-effect is obtained, with plenty of movement in the figures. Near by, the reserved tone of Sir E. A. Waterlow's landscapes makes a pleasing contrast, and his "October Evening, Picardy," with its serene after-glow falling on river and cattle, is exceedingly powerful and attractive. Next in order comes Mr. Leslie Thomson with quiet colour-arrangements in which the smooth surface of water adds to the placidity of the scenes. Then there are examples by Mr. A. D. Peppercorn, among which special admiration is due to the twilight picture of "The Harbour," with the last gleam of sunset fading over the distant hills. By way of change, Mr. R. W. Allan's lively Venetian colour will be appreciated, and his seascape with fishing-boats, "Home with the Tide," is very delicate and charming. Lastly, the brilliant landscape-painter, Mr. J. Aumonier, is represented, notably by "Maldon: Early Morning," a picture of opalesque colour, in which the river and town beyond are atmospherically suggested and the little fishing-boat is moving like a thing of life.

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# SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

**S**PECIAL interest attaches to the forthcoming visit next Monday (Feb. 2) of the King and Queen to Chatsworth, for Her Majesty has not been there for close on thirty years, but King Edward, as Prince of Wales, was a very frequent guest of the Duke of Devonshire. The Duchess of Devonshire has, of course, often

of the present Kaiser, and that had it not been for Bismarck's machinations the marriage would have taken place. Instead, Princess Elizabeth of Hesse, as she then was, became engaged to Alexander the Third's youngest brother, the studious and reserved Grand Duke Serge. Though childless, the marriage has been a very happy one; their Imperial Highnesses share the same tastes, and, after a journey to the Holy Land, the Grand Duchess became Greek Orthodox in religion, a change which naturally greatly commended her to her husband's relations.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, "Lady Rose's Daughter," will be issued in March in three forms: in one volume, two volumes, and an autograph two-volume edition of three hundred and fifty sets.

entertained the Sovereign and his Consort at Devonshire House; indeed, for many years past the Queen has dined there on Derby Day, while the King was entertaining a party of men friends at Marlborough House. Some of the best wild-fowl shooting in the kingdom is to be found along the Derwent Valley, and during the Royal visit much time will be devoted to sport, though it is probable that the venerable Duke of Rutland, assisted by Lord and Lady Granby, will on one day do the honours of marvellous Haddon Hall to the King and Queen. Should this excursion take place, luncheon will be served in the historic hall to which a reference will be found in another part of *The Sketch*.

*The Duc d'Orléans.* At last, after more than two years' exile, the Duc d'Orléans has been pardoned by King Edward and allowed to pay a visit to Buckingham Palace. The Orléans family owed a debt of gratitude to Queen Victoria which they could never repay, but considerations of this sort did not prevent the Duc from writing a letter of enthusiastic approval to a man who drew some most offensive caricatures of the late Queen shortly before her death. The artist in question is a man who calls himself Willette, and obscures the talent for drawing which he possesses by the coarseness and vulgarity of his mind. Out of the kindness of his heart, the King has at last consented to receive the Duc's humble apology, but the offence must always remain a stain on the Duc's honour which neither time nor forgiveness can remove.

*A Grand-ducal Beauty.* There are many beautiful women in the Russian Imperial Family, but none who can compare with the Grand Duchess Serge, King Edward's lovely niece, the daughter of His Majesty's most cherished sister, the late Princess Alice. The life of the Grand Duchess has been quite a romance. It is openly said in Germany that at one time she was within an ace of becoming the wife



HER IMPERIAL HIGHNESS THE GRAND DUCHESS SERGE OF RUSSIA (SISTER OF THE CZARINA AND NIECE OF KING EDWARD) IN FULL COURT-DRESS.



*"My Lord the Elephant."*

I am able to publish a very quaint picture of the Viceregal Procession at Delhi, which shows, more than any words can do, how great a part "My Lord the Elephant" plays in Indian life; indeed, the elephant is both the lion and the unicorn in India, and from time immemorial much superstitious reverence has been paid to the huge beast who can claim one great attribute denied to man, that of longevity. Till quite lately, the elephant which was the chosen friend and companion of Warren Hastings lived on in healthy and honoured old age, being visited by generations of Viceroys. At one time—that is, some thirty or forty years ago—it seemed as if "My Lord the Elephant" was in danger of extinction; but now very strict rules are made concerning the capture of those who are still wild. Melancholy is the thought that already the elephant of Central Africa is becoming almost as extinct as the dodo.

*Haddon Hall.*

Haddon Hall, the beautiful home of sweet Dorothy Vernon, acquires a special interest at the present moment owing to its close association with one of the most charming of twentieth-century débutantes, Lady Marjorie Manners, in whose honour her grandfather, the Duke of Rutland, will shortly give

since the days of that Henry Vernon who was, under Henry VII., Controller of the Household of Arthur, Prince of Wales. Haddon Hall has long been famed for its wonderful tapestries; the late Duchess of Rutland took the keenest and, indeed, the most enthusiastic interest in their preservation and renovation, and, thanks to her, they are in a very perfect state. Many of the bedrooms are hung with fine needle-pictures, the State or Royal Bedchamber being lined with scenes from "Æsop's Fables," while in the same room is a looking-glass which, according to tradition, often reflected the features of the Virgin Queen. Next in architectural interest to the Great Hall is the Long Gallery or Ball-room, a fine, panelled apartment which forms the whole south front of the quadrangle and of which the splendid floor is said to have been made from the wood of one tree

The park and gardens at Haddon are justly famed, the more so that, as I have before indicated, there are various paths and terraces, and more than one flight of steps, closely connected with Dorothy Vernon. On the terrace, Dorothy is said to have often met, in secret, John Manners, and this although, according to the old song, she believed him to be a youthful forester. Reversing the story of the Lord of Burleigh, it was not till after she was actually married to



THE DURBAR PROCESSION: THE VICEROY AND LADY CURZON ON THE FIRST ELEPHANT, THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT ON THE SECOND, AND THE NIZAM AND MAHARAJAH OF TRAVANCORE ON THE THIRD.

a great ball at Belvoir, and who has often spent happy hours at Haddon, the favourite country place of Lord and Lady Granby. Lady Marjorie is directly descended from the famous heroine of romance whose presence still seems to linger about the lovely old gardens, notably the wide terrace under whose close canopy of arching trees Dorothy must have sped to join her gallant lover, John Manners, who was waiting for her by the bridge from which the prettiest view of Haddon Hall can still be obtained. According to tradition, they chose to elope on the night of a great ball given in honour of Dorothy's elder sister, and thus escaped notice.

In some ways, Haddon is the most perfect example of mediæval English architecture extant, and every room presents points of interest to the antiquarian and to the artist. The Dukes of Rutland made the Hall their principal home till about a century ago, and even now Lord and Lady Granby delight in paying the place a brief visit, while the late Duke of Rutland received their present Majesties at luncheon there some twelve years ago. Peculiar interest attaches to the occasion, for the ducal host himself supervised the menu set before his Royal guests, and among the other items provided by him were roast peacocks, boar's head, and other quaint old delicacies of a bygone day. The luncheon was served in the famous Banqueting Hall, which is over seven hundred years old and which is scarcely altered

him that her bridegroom revealed to her that he was the second son of the first Earl of Rutland. The actual story of their flight is vividly told in the following verses—

It is a night with never a star,  
And the Hall with revelry throbs and gleams;  
Then grates a hinge, a door is ajar,  
And a shaft of light in the darkness streams.

A fair, sweet face, a glimmering gem,  
And then two figures steal into light;  
A flash, and darkness has followed them,  
So sudden is Dorothy Vernon's flight.

In the church at Bakewell, the village close by, romantic Dorothy and Sir John Manners are buried, as are their innumerable descendants. Thanks to the kindness of the Duke of Rutland, Haddon Hall is annually visited by crowds of tourists, many of whom come from America, where the romantic story of Dorothy Vernon was lately made into a novel.

*A Rothschild Coming-of-Age.*

Great rejoicings are taking place in Bucks all this week in honour of the coming of age of Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Rothschild's eldest son, Lionel. It is hard to believe that Mrs. Rothschild is the mother of a grown-up young man, for she has retained a wonderful look of youth. Her



marriage, however, took place in the January of 1881, and the event was celebrated in some amusing verses. Mr. and Mrs. Rothschild are exceptionally fortunate in their homes, which, in addition to Ascott, the delightful old-world mansion where the coming-of-age celebrations are being held, include Gunnersbury Park, an historical suburban estate where Horace Walpole often stayed in the days of Princess Amelia, and a splendid house in Hamilton Place.

*Mr. Lionel Rothschild.*

Mr. Lionel Rothschild, the hero of the occasion, or

rather, occasions, for quite a series of balls are being given in honour of his and his cousin Lord Dalmeny's majorities, is the eldest son of his parents' three children. The youngest, who bears the honoured name of Anthony Rothschild, is now fifteen. Mr. Rothschild was educated at Harrow, and is almost as good an athlete as is Lord Dalmeny, while he is naturally interested in every kind of sport, the more so that Lord Rothschild's staghounds have long been kept at Ascott. The festivities, which are being shared in by all the countryside, include several functions at Mentmore, the magnificent place which belonged to the late Lady Rosebery and which is situated in the heart of the Rothschild Country.

*The Smartest Winter Wedding.*

The marriage of an Earl is always an event of social

importance; that of Lord Kinnoull and Miss Mollie Darell, owing to the great popularity of both bride and bridegroom, brought together last Saturday (24th) a unique gathering. The owner of romantic Dupplin Castle is an enthusiastic



LADY MILBANKE.

*Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.*

combination of tints. Both Lord Kinnoull and his pretty young Countess are noted music-lovers, and a rather interesting point about the picturesque ceremony was the fact that the bridegroom had composed the music for two of the hymns which were sung by the choir at his marriage. Lord Kinnoull had a most distinguished military career, for he was on the staff of the late Baker Pasha during the latter's campaign on the Red Sea. By his first marriage he has but one child, his heir, Lord Dupplin, whose marriage to Miss Gladys Bacon took place the year before last.

*An Irish Beauty.*

Lady Milbanke, the wife of the gallant young Baronet who won his Victoria Cross under exceptionally brilliant circumstances, is certainly the most beautiful Irishwoman in Society. She is a true daughter of Erin, for she spent the whole of her girlhood in Ireland, after the death of her mother acting as hostess at her father the popular Colonel Crichton's delightful country house, Mullaboden. It will be remembered that Lady Milbanke's wedding was one of the great functions of two years ago, and that immediately after the wedding she accompanied her bridegroom out to South Africa. Sir John and Lady Milbanke are the proud parents of a son and heir, who will ultimately inherit Sir John's beautiful old Sussex place, Earham, within a pleasant drive of Goodwood.

Sir John Milbanke, who is ardently devoted to his profession, will probably rise high in it; already he has been given an important appointment, and all that a clever and beautiful wife can do for her husband is certain to be done by



THE EARL OF KINNOULL AND MISS MOLLIE DARELL, WHO WERE MARRIED AT ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LAST SATURDAY.

*Photographs by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.*

Scot; accordingly, St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, was decorated with red and white, the colours of the Hay family of which Lord Kinnoull is chieftain, and the bridesmaids also wore the somewhat trying

Lady Milbanke. Both before and since her marriage she has been much at the Viceregal Court at Dublin, and her cousin is married to Mr. Reginald Ward, who is officially connected with the Viceroy.



*A Charming Group.*

The Hon. Mrs. Leveson-Gower is one of the most sympathetic women in what is now conventionally called "smart Society." One of the daughters of that Lord Monson who was so trusted and valued a friend and servant of the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Mrs. Leveson-Gower lived much on the Continent before her marriage, and thus has a far greater knowledge of the cosmopolitan world than that which generally falls to the lot of a British Peer's daughter. This is the more true owing to the fact that she comes of a famous Diplomatic family, her uncle being the present British Ambassador in Paris. Marriage introduced her to the great English political world, for Mr. Leveson-Gower, notwithstanding his youth, has played a considerable part in public life. He was for five years one of Mr. Gladstone's able private secretaries, and among other posts has held that of Junior Lord of the Treasury, Controller of the late Queen's Household, and, more recently, he has played a very different rôle as member of the London School Board.

*The German Emperor's Visit.*

It is believed here that the German Emperor will arrive in Rome towards the end of next May (writes *The Sketch* Correspondent in that city).

The sculptor Eberlein, who has been making the statue of Goethe which the Emperor is going to present to the Municipality of Rome, is expected here also in the near future to make the necessary arrangements for the foundation-stone, which, it is hoped, the German Emperor will lay when he arrives. Lovers of art are not over-pleased at any work of Eberlein's being placed among the glorious statues and monuments of Rome. Eberlein has but a sorry reputation except in his own country, if one is to believe what one reads about modern art and what artists of the day say on the subject. The German Emperor himself the Romans are looking forward to seeing, for he is such a curious blending of talents and accomplishments that his personality is, and must ever be, a very striking one. Had the Kaiser come alone, without his statue, he would have been quite as amiably received. Statues of the kind that deck the Avenue of Victory in Berlin would be sadly out of place in artistic Rome.

*The New Ambassador to Rome.*

Sir Francis Bertie, the new Ambassador to Rome, is expected here shortly. His stay will, however, be but short; he will return almost immediately to England prior to coming here for good. An enormous accumulation of furniture and artistic collections have to be despatched from here to Lord Currie before the Embassy is ready to receive the new tenant. A certain amount, however, will be taken over by Sir Francis Bertie; it is said that some of the goods will be sold by auction, but this is not settled yet. I am glad to be able to state that Lord Currie is in enjoyment of much better health now; the final decision to resign the Rome Ambassadorship was not at all easy to make, but the wiser counsels of the medical attendant prevailed, and now his Lordship is feeling relieved at having settled the matter definitely once and for all.

*The late Cardinal Parocchi.*

In Cardinal Parocchi the Pope has lost a strong man and the Roman Church a very eminent member. He was a highly intellectual scholar, and a man who feared not to speak his mind; for this reason he was unpopular and unlikely to have ever been made Pope. He was a born fighter, and, had he ever been made Pope, he would undoubtedly have presented an appearance very different from the present head of the Roman Church; this is true, also, as regards his physical qualities, for the late Cardinal was as robust and strong corporally as the present Pope is thin and weak. Cardinal Parocchi died at the age of seventy; he succumbed to that most fatal of all illnesses, pneumonia.

*Anti-Clerical Demonstrations in Rome.*

Last week, some unruly students thought fit to make themselves highly objectionable at St. Peter's. They introduced into the sacred building numerous copies of a most vulgar Anti-Clerical illustrated paper, called *L'Asino*, and talked loudly and disturbed the service. They were finally handed over to the Municipal Guard. In revenge

they declared they would come the very next Sunday and make a noise in St. Peter's during the lovely service held on that day in memory of the Festival of St. Peter's Chair. A squadron of police and gendarmes were there to prevent their entry into the church, and, when they arrived in two drags, they were forced to return discomfited. In the streets of Rome that afternoon quantities of vulgar little toys representing monks drinking hard and behaving in a generally disreputable manner were sold on all sides.

*Society on the Riviera.*

The Riviera has had its share of the frost that visited the rest of Europe so recently, and the sight of people walking in furs through gardens where pines, palms, oranges, and lemons grow freely was a strange one. As a rule, the frost has succumbed to the sun by mid-day and the sharp weather has done nothing to interfere with the general enjoyment. At Monte Carlo the gathering for the pigeon-shooting has been very big; some of the small events have attracted as many as forty "sportsmen." Count Zichy and M. Journu, past winners of the Grand Prix, have made their appearance on the ground, and other enthusiasts, like Count O'Brien and Baron Henri de Rothschild, have been in evidence. Baron Henri, who has a wonderful motor-car, fell

a victim to the vigilance of the Monaco police the other day and was fined sixteen shillings and costs. Although the Baron's credit is good for this amount, he has decided to appeal. Young Don Jaime de Bourbon has been a visitor to the Casino; he, too, has a fine car. I may say without indiscretion that there are times when the motor-cars on the Corniche round give a very liberal interpretation to speed regulations. I am told that the Bank is having a record season and is justifying Sir Hiram Maxim's recent denunciations.

*"Macaroni à l'Italienne."*

An Italian gentleman told me of a curious experience that came to him the other evening. Being in the West-End of the town, and feeling home-sick with a great desire for the dishes of his fatherland, he went into an Italian restaurant and ordered a dish of macaroni. It came; he examined it and summoned the head-waiter. "Do you pretend to call this *macaroni à l'Italienne*?" he said, sternly, in Italian, and the waiter became most apologetic. "If I had known you were Italian, Signor," he said, "I would have given orders for the proper dish." He hurried away, instructed the kitchen, and the genuine delicacy was promptly forthcoming; my friend ate and was satisfied. "Why do you bring Italy into disrepute?" he said to the manager, who, since the little incident recorded, had been hovering round. "You must offend many people." "On the contrary, I assure you," said the manager, "the Londoner will eat anything you give him, and say 'Thank you' for it. To give him genuine Italian dishes is a waste of time; he only wants the name. In Italy, I should be without customers if I did as I do here, but in London good eating

is not understood. If I gave my customers real Italian cooking, they would not understand it, so they would be no better off. I do not give it them, and I am better off." I commend the study of this true story to folk who go a-dining in Italian restaurants.

*For Amateur Climbers.*

Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond's "True Tales of Mountain Adventure for Non-Climbers Young and Old" should achieve a great success. It is brightly, enthusiastically written. It contains a wealth of exciting reading, and it is illustrated throughout with Mrs. Le Blond's wonderful mountaineering photographs. It is frankly not a book for climbers, but it makes strong appeal to the thousands who go to Switzerland each year, and dream day and night of "doing something big in the climbing line." I am convinced that the number of people whose "actual experiences" in Swiss mountain-climbing are mere plagiarism of Mr. Whympers or Sir Leslie Stephen increases each year. They have been in Switzerland; they have seen the mountains; they have read of the climbers' experiences; they have even seen the famous guides, even handled an ice-axe; perhaps they have made a small excursion on an easy glacier, actually roped together—a little imagination, and a stroll on the glacier becomes a perilous ascent. To such "True Tales of Mountain Adventure" would prove of the highest value.



THE HON. MRS. LEVESON-GOWER.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.



*A January Bride.* Lady Clare Violet Egerton, to give her her new name, though one of the earliest, will probably remain on record as having been the prettiest of winter brides. Her marriage last week (20th) brought together a great gathering of noted Society folk, though nominally the wedding was a very quiet one. The reception at Chandos House was bright and pretty, the more



LADY CLARE VIOLET EGERTON.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

so that many of those present were still in the first flush of youth, the bride being herself the youngest of five sisters. Her brother, Lord Temple, gave her away, and her wedding-frock excited considerable interest owing to the fact that it was beautifully embroidered with pearls, for the superstitious avoid these lovely gems on a wedding-day, as they are thought to bring tears in their train. Mr. Egerton had as best man Mr. Lester Warren.

*A Colonial Exhibition.*

Next year—that is to say, in 1904—we are promised a Colonial Exhibition in London, not at the familiar Earl's Court, but in Regent's Park. The site will probably be in the Gardens of the Botanical Society, always so generous in matters of this sort, and, if the proposals of the promoters are carried out, we shall see members of all the races which owe allegiance to the British Crown gathered together, and also a collection of every variety of bird and beast in the British dominions.

*Mr. Chamberlain's Triumph.*

From victory Mr. Chamberlain goes to victory. His personal success at Johannesburg is admitted by almost everybody, and his power and popularity have risen in consequence at home. Politicians are asking what will happen when he returns. His figure is at present the greatest in the Empire. Will he be content with the second place in the Government? May not his affection for Mr. Balfour be tested by his ambition?

*Lord Rosebery's Notes.*

Did Lord Rosebery really forget his notes when he went to Plymouth? It is said he was merely joking when he pleaded forgetfulness, and that he had them in his pocket. Lord Rosebery can speak without notes. He makes very slight use of any in the House of Lords, where his speeches are less diffuse than on platforms. For the carefully polished rhetoric of Mr. Asquith, manuscript might be indispensable, but Lord Rosebery has ease as well as brilliancy in style, and, no doubt, he can "think on his feet."

*Mr. Balfour's Second Recovery.*

Twice has Mr. Balfour been ill this winter, and twice he has recovered. All sorts of people and all types of politicians left their cards in sympathy while he was laid up in Downing Street, and on his recovery the Press has been cordial in its congratulations. Truly, Mr. Balfour is the well-beloved in politics. There is still, however, a good deal of

anxiety with regard to his health, as it is evident that he has been suffering from more than a feverish chill. Parliament will reassemble in three weeks, and in the interval the Prime Minister must beware of motoring in severe weather.

*A Governor for Macedonia.*

In Vienna it is said that Austria and Russia intend to propose Aleko Pasha as Governor of Macedonia. Aleko Pasha, or Prince Alexander Bogorides, is a Greek-speaking Turkish official, of Bulgarian origin, who was the first Governor of Eastern Roumelia, in 1879. The Pasha is an old man by this time, and he has so disappeared from politics that most people thought that he was dead. His Governorship of Eastern Roumelia did not last very long, and his province was soon absorbed into Bulgaria. There are many who hope that history will repeat itself in this fashion in the case of Macedonia.

*The Boat Race.*

The early practice of both crews this year was interfered with by the ice which blocked the Cam and the Isis for a few days. It is hoped that there may be a good struggle in the race, which will probably be rowed at the very beginning of April, but at present it looks as if Cambridge would have decidedly the better crew. Oxford will have four old Blues in the boat, and Cambridge will have five; that is to say, Chapman, Grylls, Nelson, Edwards-Moss, and Thomas. The four Oxford old Blues will be Long, Adams, Drinkwater, and Milburn. It is worth noting that Oxford have given up the idea of having another short Brocas boat and will row in a boat of the usual dimensions made by Sims, of Putney, who is also building the Cambridge craft.

*"B.-P.'s" New Appointment.*

The world has of late heard much of the inefficiency of the War Office, but that department must certainly be waking up, for it would be difficult to imagine a better appointment than that of the hero of Mafeking to the post of Inspector-General of Cavalry. What Baden-Powell does not know about the ideal war-horse isn't worth knowing, and he will make it his business to see that in any future great or little war the British Army will not be lacking in the right kind of remount. Of the soldiers whom the late war brought to the front, perhaps the most romantic, from the popular point of view, was brave and resourceful "B.-P." This was, of course, partly owing to the, for him, fortunate fact that he happened to be commander of the force



MAJOR-GENERAL BADEN-POWELL, NEW INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF CAVALRY.

Photograph by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

at Mafeking, and that his peculiar qualities enabled him to become, in an absolutely real sense, the life and soul of the most gallantly defended siege on record. It had been at one time thought that the General meant to devote his duties to South Africa, but his new appointment will naturally cause him to reside in the United Kingdom, and it is safe to prophesy that he will be one of the "lions" of next Season.



*Thrashing: Old Style and New.*

The pictures of thrashing given on this page are of peculiar interest. One shows the ancient method of thrashing the corn by flail, a wooden instrument composed of a hand-staff and a souple, two sticks joined together by a piece of eel-skin or other material; the other the thrashing-machine now in vogue on all large farms and many small ones, the owners of the latter usually hiring it for a certain period to do their work. In the old days, farm-labourers viewed wintry weather with equanimity, and even with pleasure, for, in the warm shelter of the barn, wielding the flail, though, perhaps, a somewhat monotonous business, was, at least, a change from their more usual occupations. Nowadays the thrashing-floor is almost extinct, for the machine is taken to the stack, and the straw and grain are automatically separated in much the same manner as, in the dairy, the milk and the cream are divided by the "separator." Instead of the resounding thwack of the flail, the hum of the machine is heard on the countryside, and, when in full work, this may be distinguished miles away from the scene of operations.

*Deer in the Highlands.*

In the Highland forests the deer are badly off just now. Snow and ice have buried their food-supply a long way beyond their reach, and the most industrious scraping will scarcely yield a square meal. This is a season of migration; the deer are forced on to the lowlands and must do their best to raid the farmers' root-crops. Since the preservation of the red-deer became a matter of such great importance to Highland landowners, the custom of artificial feeding has become very widespread—well-nigh universal, in fact; but the difficulties to be encountered in course of the work are very great. The cost of the hay is quite a small matter compared with the trouble and expense of carting it to places within reach of the deer. Where the few roads are quite obliterated, and the snow-drifts are yards high, and the thermometer is below freezing-point, and the food must be carted for some miles, it would be difficult to find a tougher job. Even when it can be accomplished, the results are not altogether satisfactory, for the great stags will not allow their young rivals to come near the food until they have satisfied their own wants and the hinds have fed, so the weakest must perish unless the supply is very generous indeed.

*The Monroe Doctrine.*

The news that Germany does not propose to withdraw her ships from the Caribbean Sea has a very great political significance, and tends to bring us nearer to the time when the United States must fight for or modify the famous Monroe Doctrine. A coaling-station is the next desideratum, and it is well known in the States that Germany has been making very careful investigations among the smaller Caribbean islands during the past twelvemonth. American publicists are getting anxious and make no attempt to hide their feelings. The German naval

programme is bigger than the American, and is being pushed along with significant rapidity; if nothing occurs to upset the balance as at present established, Germany will be in a position to discuss the famous doctrine very fully in about four years. An agitation for more ships is being fostered throughout the States, many high naval officers expressing their views with a frank sincerity quite free from any fear of adding to the difficulties of diplomacy. It is hard to believe that Germany,



THE THRASHING-FLOOR: OLD STYLE.

Photograph by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.

which joined in the territorial hunt so late in the last century, can be kept out of South America, seeing there is nothing else for her to take, and she cannot accommodate her ever-growing population.

*The Czar's Health.*

For some time past the health of the Czar has been giving a great deal of anxiety to his medical advisers, not because there is anything actually the matter with His Majesty, but because of his want of stamina. The Czar and Czarina lately returned to St. Petersburg for the New Year's festivities, and the doctors are now endeavouring to persuade the Czar to remove the Court altogether from the Northern Capital to the Crimea for the next few years.

*Psyche in a Tailor-made.*

Many amusing tales—more or less true—have been told of the American or British millionaire who, because of his newly acquired wealth and position, has felt it incumbent on him to furnish his mansion with a gallery of mythical, ready-made ancestors and examples of the best Masters, old and new. One of the funniest and most recent is that of a wealthy American who, having bought a number of studies in the nude from certain French artists, had the subjects clad in painted robes of the latest modes. Poor Psyche, it is said, was actually put into a tailor-made gown and adorned with a *matinée-hat*—

Waal, I reckon I like yer *Parisian style*,  
Tho' yer freedom of pose makes a decent man  
blush,  
An' I'll pay any price fer yer daubs, with a smile,  
If yer'll sign them below with a dash of yer  
brush.

But they're mine when I've bought 'em, an' if I  
decide  
To cover Andromeda's legs with a plaid,  
It's becuse I've got darters across t'other side,  
And the art they inspect must be decently clad.

I prefer to see Psyche in tailor-made skirts,  
With her hair hanging down in conventional  
plats;  
I guess she's right handsome in collars and shirts,  
An' her face is a drram beneath *matinée-hats*.

Gil an' hang all yer pictures of girls à la nude!  
What! Art for Art's sake? Waal, I guess  
that's derved rot!

I've got dollars, in spite of my taste being crude.  
Say, just quote me yer rock-bottom price for  
the lot.



THE THRASHING-MACHINE: NEW STYLE.

Photograph by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.



## SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

*The Death of M. de Blowitz.*

It came as a positive blow to Paris Society when the news of the death of M. de Blowitz was bruited abroad (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). His retirement from the colossal responsibility of the *Times* seemed to have put a new lease on his life. He spent the evenings he so much prized with old journalistic friends, and his



MIDDLE. RITA PORCHER, A BEAUTY OF THE PARISIAN STAGE.  
*Photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.*

conversation was of that humorous, sarcastic turn that was the rare privilege he reserved for his colleagues, who, he knew, were not hunting for a pretended interview. His appetite was excellent, and, in spite of his blindness, he stuck till the last to his old custom, gave his orders at the charcutiers' and butchers' shops, and mapped out himself his menu for the dinner and sent the instructions to the kitchen. His whole interest was centred in his Memoirs, which had been secured for a colossal sum by a syndicate, and the world may be said to have waited for his explanation of the ten years between '70 and '80, where he claimed to have been France's good angel; and France regards him as its evil genius. No journalist was ever buried, probably, with more honours. The church was packed with Ambassadors, statesmen, and the world of Society. The theatre was enormously represented, and, a detail—de Blowitz would have recorded it—such superb mourning creations as those worn by the ladies have probably never been seen. Sarah Bernhardt did not conceal her emotion and sobbed, Madame Segond Weber was visibly impressed, and Middle. Brendes was very pale. Among his old friends and colleagues and with the Correspondents of the world's Press there was a feeling of bitter sorrow at burying the grand old warrior. The death of M. de Blowitz passes to Mr. John Clifford Millage, of the *Daily Chronicle*, the rôle of *doyen* of the Foreign Press. Mr. Millage has long enjoyed a profound esteem among the Foreign Correspondents, and the remarkable honour was paid him of making him Honorary President for life of the Society of Foreign Journalists. Mr. Millage, who is flirting with the tail-end of the fifties, is a man of enormous energy and knows every man worth knowing in Europe.

*A Blowitz Anecdote.* Even before he became the Correspondent of the *Times*, M. de Blowitz showed that fertility of resource which was afterwards to stand him in such good stead. When peace was made with Germany, he returned to Marseilles, and when the Commune broke out in that city he enrolled himself in the National Guard. As the Communards had cut all communications with Paris, M. de Blowitz had a wire connected with the telegraph line in the country and brought into his wife's house in the outskirts of the city. In this way he was able to keep up a correspondence with M. Thiers and inform him of all that was going on in Marseilles.

*The Programme.*

Capital farce, "La Famille du Brosseur," at the Folies-Dramatiques, which succeeds the colossal successful "Billet de Logement." You laugh over the ludicrous complications which come into the lot of everyone until you are tired. It is on the lines of "Champignole Malgré Lui," only more up-to-date. How to earn a thousand pounds a-week is cleared up by the Olympia. They assert that the pantomimist Fregoli is engaged at this figure for twenty weeks for their hall. Brandès will leave the Comédie-Française, as she refuses all compromise in regard to the increased salary she demands. It is a big loss for the Rue Richelieu.

*Waldeck-Rousseau, Painter.*

It came as a blow to his political enemies to know that Waldeck-Rousseau had ever spent one moment in his life free from the desire of plunder and rapine. But the terrible statesman who faced all France over the Dreyfus case, and brought it to an end, has, it seems, his quieter moments. Antoine, who was organising a performance and a lottery at his theatre for the benefit of the starving sardine-fishermen in Brittany, asked him if he would contribute one of his pictures as a prize. Waldeck-Rousseau replied that his paintings—such as they were—had been for his own personal pleasure and had never left his house, but for so good a cause he would make an exception and would send his very latest framed.

*The Wrath of the Ballet.*

Marseilles is one of those towns where you should always think twice before you speak. Daudet has described the awful valour of its inhabitants. The Mayor had to consider the question of increasing the salaries of the ballet-girls at the Grand Théâtre. Hé said sarcastically that, if the pay was not very high, they had other resources. This was interpreted as an insult by the ladies, and that unfortunate Mayor has had to grovel with apologies before the ballet would give way and not go on strike.

*The Alcohol Problem.*

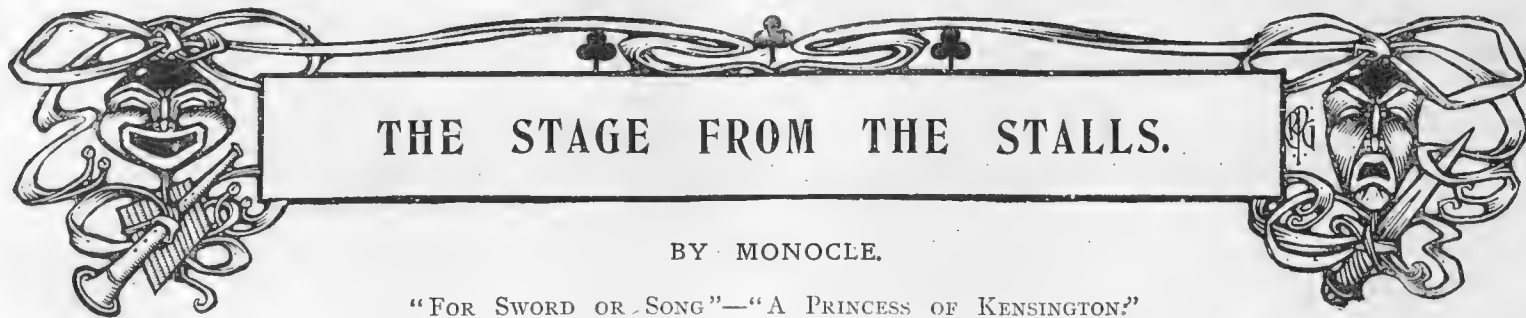
With the new drink law in England this is actuality. The doctors in rival schools are commencing a desperate battle over alcohol. The members of one declare it simply death. Those of the other and the more powerful declare alcohol maligned. The pretension that it percolates the lungs, the liver, and the kidneys is devoid of foundation; in moderation it is easily digested and gives a healthy glow.



MISS NORMA WHALLEY AS DOÑA TERESA IN "THE TOREADOR,"  
AT THE GAIETY.

*Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.*





BY MONOCLE.

"FOR SWORD OR SONG"—"A PRINCESS OF KENSINGTON."

"FOR SWORD OR SONG" certainly deserves encouragement, and, in a sense, success, because in it a praiseworthy effort is made to get away from the over-beaten track. It is possible to overrate the novelty of the affair, to forget that the new "music-play" in theory is like the old "music-drama"—though in the present case the drama is the predominant partner in the union of arts, whilst with Wagner all were subordinate to music. Still, fair recognition must be taken of the fact that a bold, sincere attempt has been made to produce a new thing of value, even if, as a lawyer would say, the result is merely a combination patent. The most original part of the work lies in the department of Mr. Gordon Craig, and the rather affected line on the programme, "Written by G. R. Legge, made by L. Calvert, and musick'd by Raymond Rôze," is grossly incomplete without reference to him. Indeed, but for his work, "For Sword or Song" would be merely a violent melodramatic comic opera, with a rather short allowance of vocal music. Nevertheless, strange to say, it would be possible to remove all the symbolical or spirit scenes without its being necessary to change a word of the drama. The mere statement of this fact seems a criticism, which, however, probably would be answered by the suggestion that the supernatural scenes are meant to show the spiritual aspect of the drama and intended to be coincidental with but not impinging on the mortal scenes. There has, in fact, been a careful and perhaps judicious avoidance of the Christmas pantomime business of permitting the Good Fairy (the Spirit of Music) and Demon King (the Spirit of Discord) to present themselves to the mortals and show how they are protecting and attacking them. The real interest in these spirit scenes lies in the endeavour to get new scenic effects, and, to some extent, Mr. Gordon Craig has been remarkably successful. The early stages of the scene showing the Spirits of Music on a crag which the Spirits of Discord are endeavouring to mount, were very beautiful, save when the big, vertical shaft of light was too strong and revealed too much. It seems a question whether all such scenes should not be seen as the performance of "Pelléas and Mélisande" by the Théâtre de l'Œuvre at the Opéra-Comique (London), or as the first tableau in "For Sword or Song," through a gauze veil. The third tableau, too, in the original and impressive tree scene, painted admirably by Mr. Harker, was exquisite for a while. In each instance, however, there was too much of the bogie business. It is immensely difficult to represent or suggest the horribly awful, and though in the second and third tableaux—not the first—there was a momentary success, in a minute or less the evil spirits lost their terrors and became merely grotesque beasts with a touch of the deadly comical. Perhaps the most beautiful picture of all was the last—the tableau of the three mortals among the trees, when a colour effect of rare beauty was reached.

The mortal part of the work is rather unsatisfactory. Concerning the dignity of the spoken dialogue it is hard to form an opinion, for, on a first hearing, one can rarely judge the quality of intricate dialogue; moreover, much was barely audible, save in the ordinary acted scenes, where the speech was not remarkable. Vaguely I caught involved phrases and daring adjectives when the melodrama music was subdued, but nothing to indicate true poetry. The printed lyrics are not by any means remarkable in quality. To be candid, the play, regarded as merely a play, is more than reasonably thin. It has one real moment in the second Act, when the young musician, Count Vladimir, is bidden by his adopted Bohemian brethren to kill his father, and this was ably acted by Miss Neilson; and there was an effective ending to this Act, where the clever singing of a strongly written song and the excellently arranged dance of the Gipsies produced quite an exciting effect. Yet, generally speaking, there was too little drama for the scale of the work, and it was difficult to consider seriously the ancient story of the nobleman's daughter stolen by Gipsies or the sudden conversion of the dying Tivadar to a love of music.

The sum of the matter is rather disappointing. There were moments when it seemed as if the *première* at the Shaftesbury would be an important date in modern theatrical history, but there quickly came the feeling that the result of the daring attempt was inadequate, and that the phrase "much ado about little" would be pertinent. No one quite reached the height of the occasion. Mr. Rôze's music is ingenious, interesting, discreet, and uninspired. A baritone song in the first Act was well sung by Mr. Mervyn Dene, and the song and dance in the second was strong and stirring, and there was plenty of the orthodox Magyar flavour, while the Spirits of Music were provided with graceful cantabile passages that seemed a trifle superficial. Miss Neilson's chief song, which she rendered charmingly, would have been very striking before "Lohengrin" was written, and it had a very agreeable phrase used as a *leit motif* in the piece to express the idea, "Love is the Soul of Life and Music the Soul of

Love," an idea which, if true, takes an appallingly pessimistic view of all but an infinitesimally small proportion of the human race. Mr. Fred Terry had comparatively little to do as Count Tivadar, save look fierce and speak savagely, and he did it very well. Mr. Sydney Brough was funny in the small scenes given to him, but had more kicks than chances. Miss Edyth Olive spoke the prologue ably.

There is almost matter enough, and good matter too, for a comic opera and a half in "A Princess of Kensington," the entertaining new Savoy piece by Captain Basil Hood and Mr. Edward German, and some cuts will be necessary. Fortunately, cutting is a comparatively easy task, and there will be left a delightful combination of charming music, comic dialogue, quaint plot, brilliant dancing, admirable singing, and clever acting. The plot, indeed, is not the strong point of this piece; it is well enough conceived, but executed rather clumsily, so as to cause at times a little feeling of bewilderment. This would not matter in rival houses, where one is not disposed to expect a coherent piece, but is rather vexing at the Savoy. Captain Hood seems somewhat afraid of his scheme, and, in trying to strengthen it, has added too many auxiliary characters. Yet, though this matters, there is ample food for enjoyment in his clever dialogue, neat lyrics, and the droll situations that he has contrived. Possibly another explanation is the fact that he has clearly determined to make some concession in order to attract the patrons of musical comedy, and consequently wandered a trifle from his original idea of exhibiting Puck in modern life, playing trickily with human hearts for the benefit of the fairy Kenna, who gave its name—or rather, her name—to Kensington Gardens. Kenna produced the surprise of the evening, for, in the part, a young lady making her first appearance on any stage and taking up a heavy rôle at short notice had much success. She, Miss Constance Drever, possesses a brilliant light soprano of great range which she uses very skilfully, and she showed a sense of fun and real instinct for acting. Happy young lady, to come on timid and anxious, and go home knowing she had made a big hit on her first appearance! Another member of the Company whose name has not been a household word triumphed over several artists of greater reputation. This is Mr. Morand, whose clever acting rendered the policeman Yapp a most entertaining creature.

In some respects Mr. German has not been quite discreet: he does not seem to know when to leave off. Sometimes we are very sorry that he should have to stop, but in such matters as the opening choruses he is decidedly diffuse, and seeing that, however dainty and dexterous this class of music may be, it rarely appeals to the general ear, the result is rather disastrous when one is writing for the semi, or rather, semi-demi-musical public. On the other hand, he has written irresistible numbers, such as "At Seven o'Clock in the Morning," a duet between Mr. Evett and Miss Louie Pounds, which delighted everybody by its fresh melody and dainty treatment. It was sung admirably; indeed, Mr. Evett sang brilliantly throughout—it appears to me that his voice is improving, and it was good enough a long time ago—and Miss Louie Pounds made a big "hit" by her perfect delivery of an amusing ballad full of puns. Mr. Passmore hardly "came off," though he was on in the character of Puck most of the time: certainly one cannot find fault with his acting, singing, or dancing; perhaps his frequent changes of individuality prevented his true humour from asserting itself. Miss Rosina Brandram, too, *doyen* of the Company and one of its most popular members, made little of the part of Nell, the old maid resolved to marry and reform some very wicked man—a person, in idea at least, very droll. Mr. Lytton, as the sailor, Jelf, was successful throughout, and the song he sang with three Jack Tars will go round the town, and, despite its resemblance to an old Devonshire song, deserves its success. The actor's suggestion of nautical character in the part really was quite remarkably good, and he was well aided by Mr. Powis Pinder.

Dancing is a great feature of the entertainment. Mr. German, in some respects our ablest and most popular writer of dance-music, is less successful than one would have expected in inventing measures for the solo performers, and Miss Hart Dyke, by far the cleverest dancer in the London theatres, had hardly the success deserved by her brilliant work. I venture to protest against the acrobatic business by her and Mr. Royce in the second Act; such matter may well serve for a "turn" in the halls, but is an indignity to the art of dancing. Miss Lily Bircham danced prettily, if with less brilliance than Miss Hart Dyke. Mr. Crompton, Mr. Torrence, and Mr. George Mudie junior were of real service to the piece. Indeed, the Company showed that the Savoy at present is remarkably rich in talent. By the time this appears some trimming will have been done, and then the piece will constitute an absolutely delightful entertainment.





MISS MADGE LESSING, PRINCIPAL GIRL IN "MOTHER GOOSE" AT DRURY LANE.

*Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*



## NEW YORK—INSIDE OUT.

## VIII.—THE OYSTER-EATING METROPOLIS.

NEW YORK consumes more oysters than any other place in the world. One million oysters a day are placed before regular New York restaurant customers, while private families are supposed to accommodate half-a-million more of what some epicurean has called the "succulent bivalve." Oysters are in season in America

certain distances apart from each other, so that each oyster will be able to obtain a proper supply of nourishment from the water. There is no overcrowding in these beds. The housing problem is carefully attended to, and only such districts are selected for raising oysters wherein the water is pure and nourishing to the tender oyster just opening his shell on a cold, unfeeling world.

Beds for oysters are selected spots of ground which are always submerged below the salt tide to a distance of from two and a-half to four feet. The limits of the beds are often marked off by stakes, or floating barrels, and oysters of a certain kind and age are kept in certain places. All oysters of the same age are required to "flock" together, though the mingling of the sexes is not prohibited. Thus, "Blue Points," the most aristocratic of oyster families, are never mixed with other brands. A "Blue Point" oyster would turn up its nose (if it had one) at a "Saddle Rock" or an uncultivated "Marsh Grub."

Along the edges of Chesapeake Bay, between Baltimore and Norfolk, a vast number of oysters are annually raised for the New York market. The total output of these oyster-farms each year is 400,000,000 oysters, or 26,700 barrels.

Regular fleets of oyster-boats are engaged in this industry on Chesapeake Bay. Many fine steam-launches belong to the oyster-fleet. They drag the oyster-nets and are equipped with powerful machinery for bringing vast quantities of oysters on board at a single haul.

Oysters are shipped to New York in barrels. A favourite pastime among the New York better classes is to give "oyster suppers." A barrel of oysters is purchased fresh from the Southern beds.

All the oysters are dumped out upon the floor in the kitchen, and a number are ranged in front of the fire, sufficiently close for the shells to get the full force of the heat, which compels the oyster to relax his powerful hinge-muscles. As soon as the shell opens, the astonished oyster is promptly swallowed. The guests at these suppers are served in rotation, from right to left, the party sitting around the fire in a semicircle, everyone greatly enjoying the opening of the shells. Much excitement and merriment is caused when bets are laid on which oyster of the lot in front of the fire will open its shell first.

Even after the American oyster has been disposed of on the table, his usefulness does not cease. His mortal remains—the shells—are used for making "shell roads," oyster-shells forming material when crushed fine by powerful rolling-machines for very fine roadways indeed. It has been computed that there are nearly a thousand miles of oyster-shell roads in America.

W. B. NORTHROP



THE NEW TYPE OF STEAM OYSTER-BOAT WHICH HAULS THE OYSTER-NETS BY STEAM-POWER.

during every month which has an "r" in its name; or, in other words, eight months out of the year. When the summer is over and the four months have passed wherein the oyster is supposed to be inedible, New York cafés blossom out with various signs announcing the oyster's return, such as, "Our friend, the oyster, is back again; come in and tickle him to death"; or, "Oysters are ripe; come to to-day's grand opening sale."

When the season begins, it is not unusual for some of the famous resorts to hold oyster-eating competitions, the man eating the greatest number being given a prize. Three years ago, in a competition held on the Bowery—New York's Whitechapel—one of the competitors managed to put away twenty-eight dozen oysters. He apologised for not eating more by saying he did not know sufficiently far ahead that the competition was coming off and had eaten six dozen just beforehand—making a total of four hundred and eight oysters in one day. As a prize he won a barrel of oysters and a week's free board.

Oysters are served in New York restaurants in every conceivable style: fried, baked, breaded, on the half-shell, stewed, in pies and tarts, in soups, as "dressing" for fowls, and in other ways. In any eating-place you can obtain for a shilling what is known as an "oyster loaf"—an entire loaf of bread from which the inside has been removed and in the place thereof have been substituted baked oysters.

Of all New York dishes, fried oysters are the most popular. They form part of nearly every business-man's lunch in the "down town," or city district. A dish of six or eight medium-sized fried oysters costs about tenpence in the humbler sort of chop-house, whereas, at Sherry's or Delmonico's, New York's most fashionable caterers, you can pay four shillings for a plate of especially selected fried oysters.

American oysters are far larger, rounder, and more "meaty" than the European variety. An ordinary English "Native" is but half the size of his American brother. The greatest care is taken in the cultivation of oysters by those who supply the American market. The best oysters come from points along the Atlantic sea-coast south of New York.

One never hears of illness being caused by American oysters, owing to the fact that the greatest care is taken to see that the water in which the oysters are planted is free from all impurities. Oyster-beds are as carefully watched over and "cultivated" as are those of the most delicate vegetable crops, such as asparagus or burr artichokes. The oysters are placed in the beds at



TAKING OYSTERS OUT OF THE OYSTER-POND.

Photographs by Lazarnick, New York.



NEW YORK—INSIDE OUT.

VIII.—THE OYSTER-EATING METROPOLIS.



SHIPPING OYSTERS FOR EUROPE.



OYSTER-SHELLS USED FOR MAKING ROADS.

*Photographs by Lazarnick, New York.*

## M. SANTOS-DUMONT,

WHO IS CONSTRUCTING AN AËRIAL 'BUS TO CARRY TWELVE PASSENGERS.

IF there is one thing which the New Century is demonstrating more than another, it is the truth of the proverb that the "old order changeth, giving place to the new," and, in thus giving place to the new, the old may be said to be giving place to the young.

Proof of this statement is to be found not only in the case of the young Brazilian who forms the subject of *The Sketch* Photographic Interview this week, for which special sittings were given by M. Santos-Dumont in Paris, but also in that of Signor Marconi, another youthful genius. These two men, strikingly different in many respects, yet resemble each other in several particulars. They are both of foreign birth, both with Southern blood in their veins, and both may be said to be bent on the conquest of the air, though in an entirely different fashion, Marconi using it for the transmission of messages, and Santos-Dumont for the transmission of men.

The transmission of men, and women too, for that matter, is a problem with which at the moment "the intrepid aëronaut"—as the writers in a certain section of the daily Press invariably describe him—is busying himself, and during the coming summer the writer of these words, or the reader, may, if of a sufficiently adventurous disposition, go on an aërial cruise in the new passenger air-ship which M. Santos-Dumont is building, a model of which he allowed to be photographed. This machine is intended to carry twelve passengers, in addition to two aëronauts, and the charge will be the comparatively cheap one of a franc a mile. True, tenpence is a great advance even on first-class railway fares, but it is not so very much more than one pays for a hansom, for the average drive in one of London's gondolas is surely not more than a mile, and he would be a bold man who, driving anywhere near two miles, ventured to offer the descendant of Jehu his legal fare, one shilling. Besides, what an experience to "fly through the air," even as did Hecate and the witch-crew she commanded, or as a bird that shuns "the noise of folly, most musical, most melancholy," of the city beneath, while one goes on a voyage—

To behold the wandering moon,  
Riding near her highest noon  
Through the Heaven's wide pathless way,

as Milton sings in "Il Penseroso."

No one need look twice at M. Santos-Dumont to see that he is highly gifted with the artistic temperament. Even without seeing him, the most casual observer would come to that conclusion if he had once been admitted into the room in which he works or looked for an instant on its photographic representation. Flowers abound on all sides to give their subtle hint, which is something more than a hint, of the owner of the room's characteristics.

Everything in the room, indeed, betokens that the inventor is *sui generis*, not stamped out of a piece like most of the men of the world. On the opposite page, for instance, will be seen a detail which illustrates the fact, just as a straw will show which way the wind blows. Most people, in drawing, content themselves with an ordinary pencil, stipulating only that the lead be good. M. Santos-Dumont, however, uses a very long pencil, at least twice as long as the ordinary article of commerce, and it is tipped with silver—a little thing, it is true, but none the less characteristic, for all that. In one of his rooms, too, is a billiard-table, a game in which he takes a delight, and, though he lives in Paris, it is an English table, not a French one, a fact from which a Sherlock Holmes would deduce that he prefers the game with pockets to the game without. In that room, for the convenience of watching the play, he has some chairs which are so high that steps are needed to get to the seat. On one of these, at a table of corresponding height, he delights to sit and take his early morning coffee, while he skims the paper to see what is going on in the world from "China to Peru." Conspicuous in that room is a large

photograph of Thomas Alva Edison, who, as the inscription in the great inventor's writing attests, is by no means the least appreciative of the aëronaut's admirers.

It is no secret to those who know him that M. Santos-Dumont is an enthusiastic worker. The model of the air-ship shown in our illustration he made with his own hands. With his own hands, too, it has always been said, he has made a good deal of the air-ships with which he has worked so far, for he realises, as no one can possibly realise so well as he, how much of his safety depends on everything being exactly right, and the sensational, not to say hairbreadth, escapes he has had from death will probably cause him to adhere in the future to the practice which he has observed in the past. So enthusiastic an aëronaut must, of necessity, be an enthusiastic automobilist, for the microbe of speed, if there is such a thing, must manifest itself in causing the subject it infects to always seek the most rapid method of locomotion. In Paris, M. Santos-Dumont goes about in a motor-brougham driven by electricity, which he finds particularly pleasant for that purpose, though for his expeditions into the country he prefers a petrol-driven car.

In his enthusiasm for motoring he resembles his friend, Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, who, by the way, is another of the young men who may be said to be a type of the New Century.

Adulation galore has been the lot of M. Santos-Dumont, and this time last year, when he was at Monte Carlo, preparing to go across the Mediterranean, he was not only the observed of all observers—for, naturally, everybody wanted to see him and what he was doing—but he was the most-fêted individual in the city which is devoted to fêtes. All the great ones who had foregathered there to escape the rigours of the Northern winter vied with each other in paying him attention, and even the aged Empress Eugénie went over from her villa at Cap Martin in order to see the air-ship he was constructing. For one

characteristic the readers of *The Sketch* are sure to hold the little Brazilian, who is always so scrupulously neat in his appearance, in high regard. This is for his particular partiality for England and things English.

The enterprising personal paragraphist who seeks out a man's greatest secrets in order to reveal them to the curious if not inquisitive world declares that he finds his relaxation in knitting. Indeed, this authority declares that the rooms he occupies "are filled with pieces of embroidery, tapestry-work, and knitting of his own making. When he is studying out a troublesome problem in connection with his air-ships," one learns from the same source, "he knits. When he returns home, tired and nervous, after several hours spent in the shops with his workmen, he knits." In this respect, he is, if unusual, not peculiar, for there are several well-known men who find relaxation in the click of the knitting-needles.

There are people who persist there is nothing new under the sun, and assert with praiseworthy iteration that one generation only re-invents the inventions which were known to an earlier state of society. It is a statement which we can believe or not as we choose; but only within the last two or three weeks a writer has pointed out that in the archives of Portugal there is preserved a letter on the subject of balloons, written in 1709 to the King who sat on the throne at the time. This, curiously enough, was signed by a man named Santos, and he declared that the machine he had built would travel in the air more than two hundred leagues in a day, and, since the North Pole was the subject which attracted men two hundred years ago even as it does now, he expected that by its means the discovery of the Pole would be made easy.

Perhaps M. Santos-Dumont means to follow in his wake and emulate the ill-fated attempt of Andrée. If he does, there are any number of people who will expect him to succeed.



M. SANTOS-DUMONT AND THE MODEL OF THE AIR-SHIP IN WHICH HE FLEW ROUND THE EIFFEL TOWER.





"AH, GOOD-MORNING. THIS IS MY HIGH CHAIR: I ALWAYS LIKE TO BE UP IN THE AIR, YOU KNOW."



"HOWEVER, I WILL CLIMB DOWN AND SHOW YOU SOME OF MY PLANS AND THINGS. I DO ALL MY OWN DESIGNS."



"AND WORK THEM OUT VERY CAREFULLY WITH MODELS."



"HERE, FOR EXAMPLE, IS A MODEL OF A SHED FOR MY NEW AIR-SHIP."

"THE SKETCH"  
PHOTOGRAPHIC  
INTERVIEWS.  
—●—  
XXIX.  
M. SANTOS-DUMONT.



"I'M VERY FOND, TOO, OF THE PRACTICAL SIDE OF THE WORK."



"AND HAVE ALWAYS LOVED MACHINERY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION."



"MY NEXT VENTURE IS TO BE AN AIR-'BUS. THIS IS THE AÉRONAUT'S BASKET."



"LASTLY, A FEW OF MY MEDALS. I HOPE TO ADD TO THEM BEFORE LONG."



IN SOUTH AFRICA.

## THE RESERVIST IN LONDON.



IN LONDON.

WHATEVER Love Lane, situate in the City, may have been many, many years ago, it can no longer, by any stretch of the imagination, be looked upon as an idyllic spot where gallant youth and bashful maid may walk hand-in-hand and tell one another the old, old story. The "Lane," leading off Eastcheap, slopes down towards the river, is lined with warehouses, blocked with coster-barrows, and possessed of a combined odour of spices, oranges, peppermint, and fish. It is the scent of the last-mentioned, however, that is the most assertive, for fish-refuse is more *en évidence* than anything else.

It is here that on any day of the week, between the hours of ten and twelve and two and four, may be seen a long queue of men, two, three, and four abreast. These are "out-o'-works," and those who have sufficient curiosity to inquire will find that a large proportion of them are Reservists. At their head stands a grey-haired, upright old man with an alert manner, and he looks, and is, a man having authority. Every now and then—at intervals of fifteen or twenty minutes—he steps aside and, with a commanding wave of the hand worthy of a British General, motions a number of the waiting crowd to enter a short, narrow passage leading to the Rectory of St. Mary-at-Hill. As the last of these lucky few steps into the passage, the foremost man turns to the right, and, bending his head, passes through a small door giving entrance to the old churchyard. It is in this strange place of the forgotten dead that he and the others that follow after him will be able to earn that which may help to keep them among the living. A few days since, an artist and another knocked at this self-same "small door," and, after a few words of explanation with the "foreman," were admitted.

Anything more unlike a graveyard was never seen. The place itself was anything but big, and what little there was of it was chiefly taken up with sheds. In one corner was piled up a large heap of broken wood—orange-boxes, old wooden bedsteads, and packing-cases. The sheds were filled with men who were busily engaged in measuring, sawing, and chopping wood. As the wood was chopped, it was gathered up and made into bundles, and neatly stacked at the back of one of the sheds, ready for sale as firewood.

As it happened, on this particular day all the men at work were

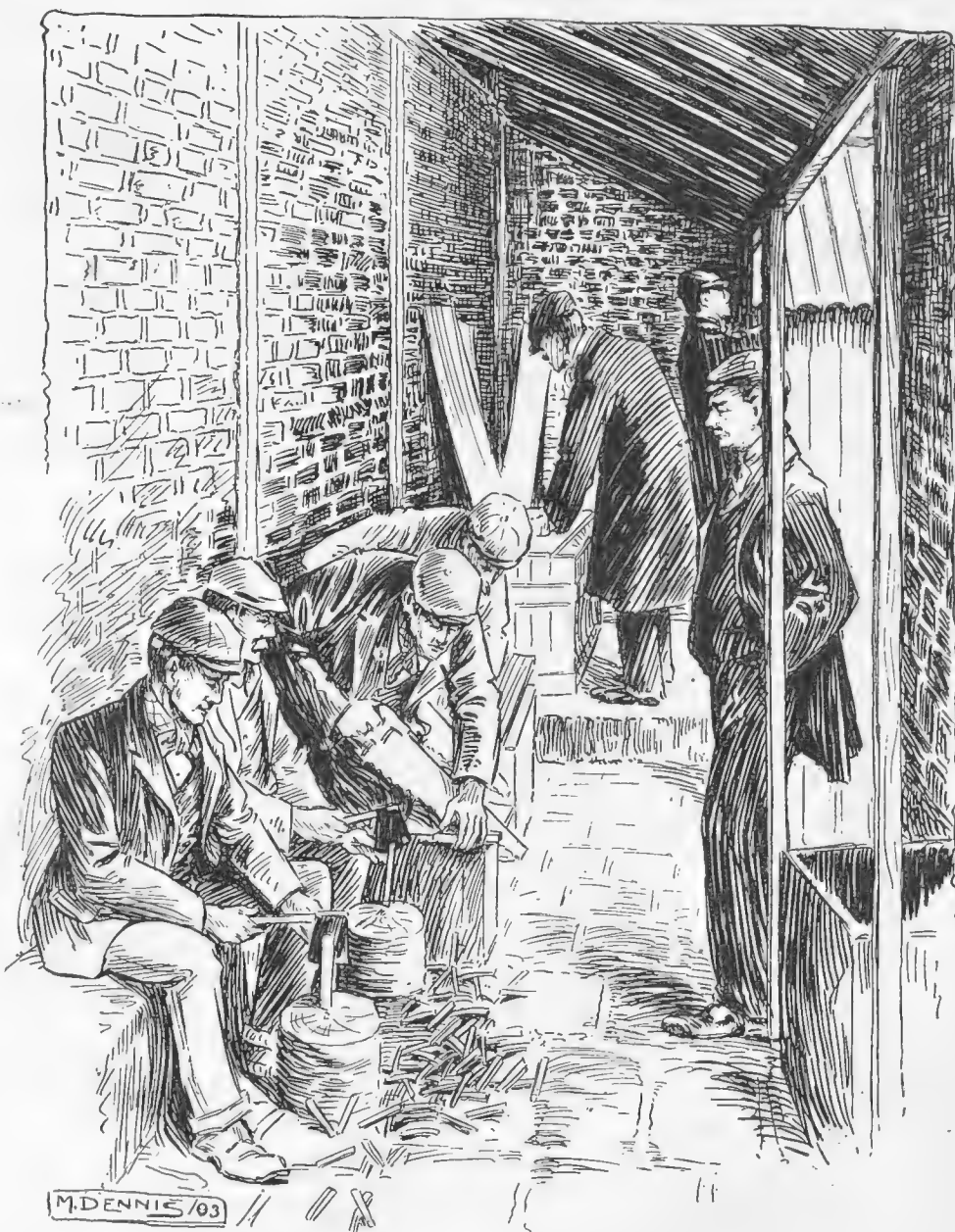
Reservists, and, that there might be no doubt as to this statement of the "foreman's," each man produced his discharge papers and then went on with his employment. Not one among them all boasted a collar, but most retained a soldier-like bearing, in spite of their shabby clothes, and yet few of them displayed that handiness so often found in men who have had an Army training.

Some of the men had narrow bits of coloured ribbon stitched on their waistcoats, but they smiled on being asked to produce their medals. One young fellow, by way of reply, put finger and thumb in his waistcoat pocket and brought out a little, square ticket, on which was written: "Pawned with So-and-So, Whitechapel Road, E., 12th Dec., 1902, Vest and Medal, 5s."

Vest and medal! According to the owner of the ticket, a pawnbroker is not permitted to advance money on a medal, but he can evade the law if the medal is attached to some article of clothing, though the latter by itself be worth but a few pence.

The method by which the wood was worked up into bundles ready for use was a distinctly interesting process to watch. The trestle shown in the sketch is called a "horse," the "saddle" being divided into two by an upright piece of wood. One division was used as a shelf on which the "sticks" were stacked ready to the hand of the "maker." On the other division was fixed the "crutch," into which the sticks were dropped, the ends being patted into position. Nailed to the trestle was a thick double cord, and, after this had been pulled over the bundle, the iron bar which the Reservist is shown to be holding was dropped through the looped rope, and, this having been pressed down several times, was finally hitched under a wooden notch on the side. The wood was then tied with string, the bar released, and another neat little bundle was added to the stack in the shed.

In the ordinary way, the men are not expected to work for more than fifteen minutes, but, for the purpose of the first sketch, the "foreman" asked them to remain a little longer, with which request they complied readily enough, much to the annoyance, no doubt, of those other hungry ones waiting so impatiently in Love Lane. The sketch being finished, each man was handed the reward of his none too arduous labours, in



THE RESERVIST EARNING HIS DINNER BY SAWING AND CHOPPING WOOD.



the shape of a red ticket which stated that he was to be "supplied with soup or cocoa and bread," and added that "no intoxicated person would be served." This ended Scene I. of a modern drama of real life.

Scene II. opened in the Rectory kitchen, and as the men filed into the old-fashioned room flooded with the electric-light one wondered what the highly respectable dead and gone Rectors of St. Mary's would have thought of such an assembling in their day. The present Rector, however, the Rev. W. Carlile, founder of the Church Army, is a man who believes in



MAKING UP THE CHOPPED WOOD INTO BUNDLES.

practical Christianity even to the devising of schemes whereby the hungry may be fed. Grace being said, there was a simultaneous breaking of large chunks of bread, a simultaneous uplifting of large enamelled mugs, and a simultaneous satisfied "sup-sup" of many hungry pairs of lips. Although the meal could hardly have been described as "substantial," it was very evident that it was more than appreciated by these poor fellows who were down on their luck. Many, like Oliver Twist, asked for "more," but the request was never granted, as to have done so would have meant the running short of the always scanty supplies before the day was over, and it was better to give many something than much to a few.

Since the beginning of the year, between three and four thousand men have been fed in this way, of whom nearly one thousand have been Reservists. The amount of work which is required from all is, of course, merely nominal, but it was insisted upon by the Rector so as not to pauperise the unemployed and to test the genuineness of a man's appeal for employment. The City branch of the Church Army has been instrumental in obtaining temporary and permanent work for a large number of Reservists, situations having been found for them as clerks, porters, and carmen. As a rule, these ex-warriors are willing to do anything, and during the past few weeks many have earned a living as sandwich-men, the pay ranging from half-a-crown to three shillings per day. The higher rate of wages is allowed those men who carry three boards instead of two, the working hours being from ten in the morning to six in the evening. As can be very easily understood, such degrading work was only undertaken through dire necessity, for, as a rule, no man who has any self-respect left will take up such an occupation.

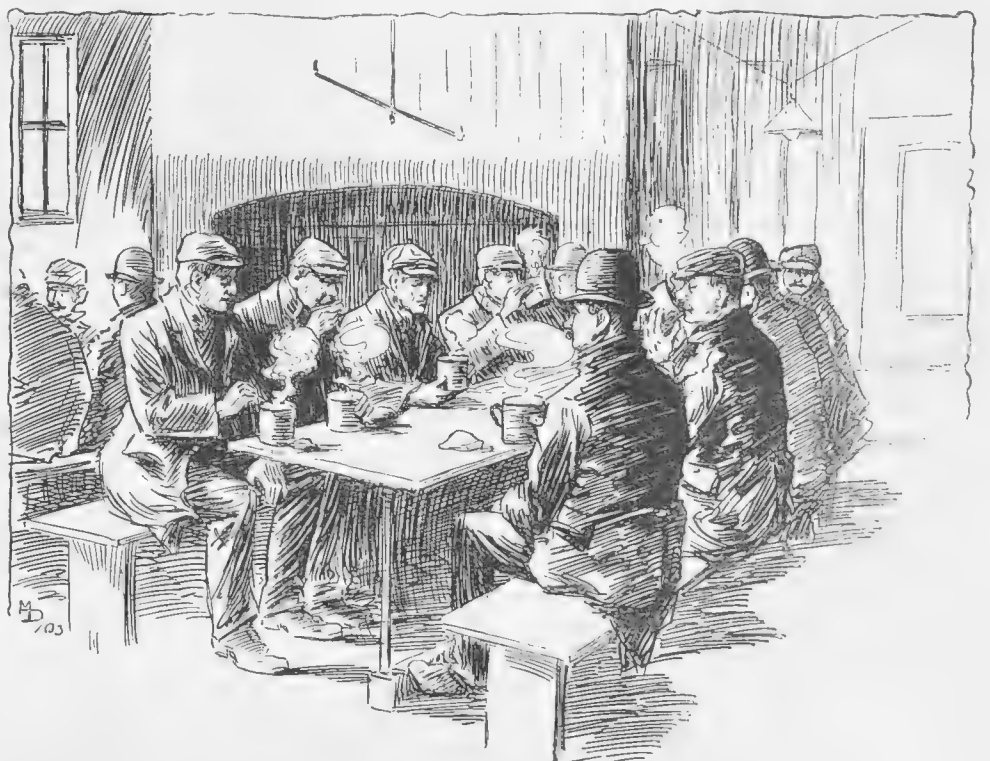
Still, with the best possible intentions, in dealing with the question of the unemployed

Reservists it is true that the Rev. W. Carlile and his devoted band of workers can do little except relieve the immediate necessities of a very small number of the multitude of honest and deserving ex-soldiers who are now feeling bitterly the pinch of undeserved want. When one remembers the enthusiastic plaudits showered on the men before the War, the glowing leading articles written in praise of their patriotism, and how it was more than once pointed out that these poor fellows had responded to their country's call to arms so nobly that in some regiments not a single man had shirked his duty, one cannot help a feeling of deep shame at the reward they have received in the end. While importunate Boers and rebel Dutchmen are receiving more or less deserved generous treatment at our hands, our own men, silent and uncomplaining, are being left, to a great extent, to sink into the "submerged Tenth" of which we heard so much a few years ago.

Would that another Chamberlain might arise to take up the cause of the Reservist and carry it through with the thoroughness and grasp of detail that characterise the Colonial Secretary's dealings with what one may term the other side of the South African problem. I am not a politician, so do not know if it is possible for the Government to take action while the House is not in Session; but surely one of our powerful dailies might take the matter up—even if "whisky" were left for future discussion—and start a subscription-list. It may be pleaded that this would pauperise the men, and this is the last thing that thinking people would desire. I reply that, in my opinion, we have the solution of the problem ready to our hands. If there is not a Chamberlain, there is a Carlile perhaps even better fitted to deal with this particular matter. I am convinced that it needs only a start to be made, for the feeling throughout the country is strongly in favour of something being done. The Rev. W. Carlile has shown how efficiently he can utilise the comparatively small means at his disposal; put him in possession of large supplies of money or at the head of a Committee of men of light and leading, who would be only too glad to give their services, and I believe that his practical good sense and powers of organisation would go far to remove all obstacles and pave the way to a conclusion satisfactory to both helpers and helped.

In saying this, I by no means depreciate the great services rendered by other charitable organisations, whose leaders might, in fact, be associated with the Rector on the Committee; but it seems to me that a special effort is absolutely necessary, and that this could be made more effectively by one powerful body than by a variety of smaller ones.

In conclusion, I may say that contractors who have given preferential employment to Reservists have invariably reported that they were hard-working and trustworthy, the habit of obedience and discipline having been implanted by their training, and this should augur well for the success of any scheme that might be evolved.



"SUPPLIED WITH SOUP OR COCOA AND BREAD."

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE Virginia edition of the complete works of Edgar Allan Poe, in seventeen volumes, has just been issued in America. For the first time the scattered correspondence that passed between Poe and his contemporary relatives and friends is collected in book form. There is a biography of Poe by Professor Harrison of the University of Virginia, and notes and introductions by Dr. Stewart, Dr. Kent, and Professor Hamilton Mabie. This will, no doubt, prove to be the Standard Edition of Poe's works, and it is to be hoped that it will be obtainable in this country. In this connection there appears in the *Bookbuyer* an article entitled, "A Pilgrimage to Poe's Cottage," a tiny, white-boarded, gabled cottage on the humble façade of which hung a rudely painted raven over a tablet inscription — "EDGAR ALLAN POE'S COTTAGE, 1844-49. E. J. Chauvet, D.D.S." O, the pity of it! O, the pain of it! To be thus rudely hurled from the haunting rhythm of "Nevermore" to a dentist chair! It recalled a similar disenchantment at Victor Hugo's home in Paris, when in a cabinet of souvenirs was encountered a huge molar labelled, "Extracted in 1867."

The raven on the cottage front is, it appears, misleading. Poe did not write "The Raven" at Fordham, but he lived there at the time it was published. Likewise untrue is the story that the "hour-eyed child-wife" died in the room off the parlour. It was over the Poe study, in the tiny chamber, the south-west corner, where the doll-like house windows still imprison the fitful sunshine. Mrs. Briggs, from whose adopted father the Poes rented the cottage, still lives in the neighbourhood. She describes Virginia Poe as a frail, beautiful woman, and Poe as a devoted husband. The family were in dire poverty. Neighbours furnished the burial clothes, and they laid the body in their family vault—the old Valentine vault in the Reformed Church graveyard. There it remained until removed in 1875 to Baltimore and laid beside Edgar Allan Poe, where Mrs. Clemm is also buried.

Close to Fordham is St. John's College, at which Poe was a frequent visitor. He was an intimate friend of Father Doucet, to whom he poured out his inmost thoughts. He came generally in the afternoon or at the close of day, when the faculty had leisure to entertain him. He seemed to crave sympathy, and, when it was time to go, he lingered, as if dreading to return to his grief-stricken home. Frequently he spent a night at the College. He had access to the library, a privilege he fully appreciated. With Father Doucet, Poe generally conversed in French, finding in that cultured Parisian the scholarship and congeniality denied him at Fordham.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale's "Memories of a Hundred Years" is charming reading. Dr. Hale, who is now in his eightieth year, has come in contact with almost all the great men of his own generation, and, as he puts it in his preface, he "chatters" delightfully of the generation before his own "as he saw it through his own keyholes." Dr. Hale was an intimate friend of Emerson, Holmes, Longfellow, and Lowell. It would be ridiculous, he says, to call Emerson a man of

business. Yet one remembers that he sent to Carlyle the first money which Carlyle ever received for his books. He told Dr. Hale himself that the first money he received from any of his own books was that which Phillips and Sampson paid him in the year 1850 for "Representative Men." Mr. Phillips, of that firm, told Dr. Hale that Emerson wrote to him a note to say that a mistake had been made, and that he meant that the proceeds of the first sale were to be spent for the stereotype plates and the cost of the impression. Mr. Phillips replied to him that that was provided for, and that what he had received was the balance which was due him. On this, he came into the counting-room of the young firm and asked if he could use the cheque for any purpose, as he had no printers' bills to pay with it. And Mr. Phillips had to explain to him how to indorse the cheque, which was made to his order. It was his first experience in that branch of finance.

Emerson, Holmes, Longfellow, and Lowell were kindness itself to new authors; the time that Holmes gave, day in, day out, to answer personally the requests of young poets who submitted to him their verses was amazing. Dr. Hale, indeed, thinks that both he and Emerson were too kind. All their geese were swans. Emerson especially was always telling acquaintances of some rising poet who was going to astonish the world, while Longfellow gave to every tramp that came to his door a hearty welcome if only the tramp happened to speak a foreign language; and no literary wayfarer, however crude and unsophisticated, knocked in vain at Holmes's hospitable gate.

Mr. Henry Savage Landor is now, it is said, on his way to the Philippines, where he will make a careful study of the new civil conditions in the islands. He is to write a serial article for *Harper's Magazine*.

Prince Kropotkin has been at work for some years on an elaborate History of Russian Literature. This he has now practically completed, and the volume will probably be issued during the present year.

Mr. Vernon Blackburn has nearly completed the authorised biography of Sir Arthur Sullivan. The work will contain many extracts from Sir Arthur Sullivan's diaries and correspondence.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts, whose last book, "The River," has considerably enhanced his reputation, has just written his first historical novel, to which he has given the admirable title of "The Farm of the Dagger."

The action takes place during the War of 1812, and an American prisoner-of-war of England plays an important part in the story.

Professor Heilprin's work on Martinique, the early issue of which is announced, will be the first comprehensive survey of the recent catastrophe that has been prepared by an observer in the field. Apart from its intrinsic worth as the work of a recognised authority, the book acquires special significance from the fact that its author is the only investigator of the region of Mont Pelée who lived through one of the great cataclysms of that famous volcano and made observations contemporaneously with the events that were happening. o. o.



STUDIES BY W. D. ALMOND, R.I.—VIII. "LA BLANCHISSEUSE."



BEAUTIFUL BRITISH HOMES:

XXIII.—HADDON HALL.

*Photographs by Frith, Reigate. (See "Small Talk of the Week.")*



"THE GRIM OLD TURRETS, ALL IVY THATCH,  
ABOVE THE CEDARS THAT GIRDLE THEIR RISE,  
THE PLEASANT GLOW OF THE SUNSHINE CATCH,  
THE OUTLINE SHARP OF THE BLUEST OF SKIES."

BEAUTIFUL BRITISH HOMES:  
HADDON HALL.



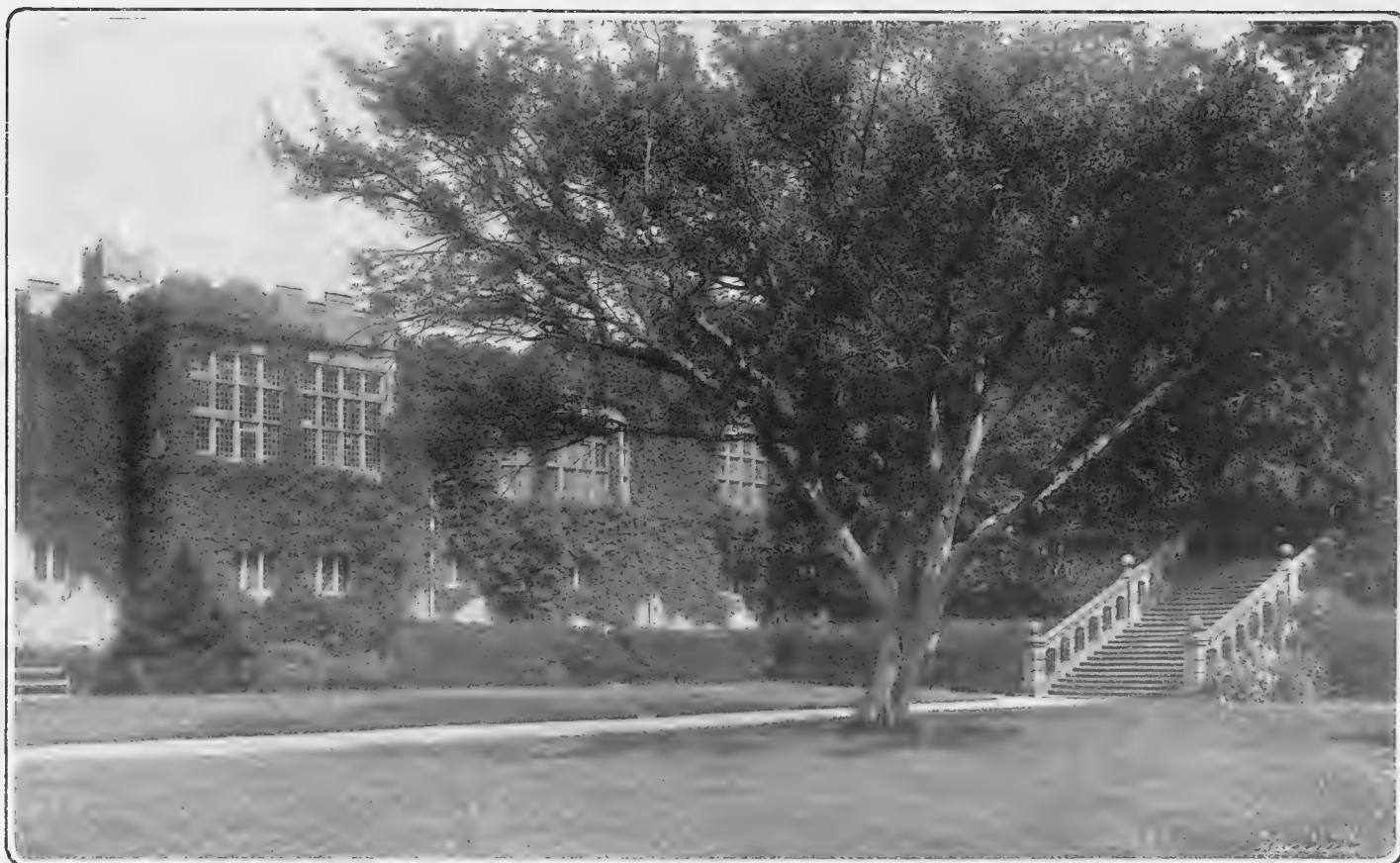
"ALL IS SILENT, WITHIN AND AROUND;  
THE GHOSTLY HOUSE AND THE GHOSTLY TREES



SLEEP IN THE HEAT, WITH NEVER A SOUND  
OF HUMAN VOICES, OR FRESHENING BREEZE."



BEAUTIFUL BRITISH HOMES:  
HADDON HALL.



"IT IS A NIGHT WITH NEVER A STAR,  
AND THE HALL WITH REVELRY THROBS AND GLEAMS ;



THEN GRATES A HINGE, A DOOR IS AJAR,  
AND A SHAFT OF LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS STREAMS."



"A FAIR, SWEET FACE, A GLIMMERING GEM;  
AND THEN TWO FIGURES STEAL INTO LIGHT;



A FLASH, AND DARKNESS HAS FOLLOWED THEM,  
SO SUDDEN IS DOROTHY VERNON'S FLIGHT."



## FOUR LIGHT BOOKS.

**"PENELOPE'S IRISH EXPERIENCES."**

By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.  
(*Gay and Bird*. 6s.)

There cannot be much doubt about the popularity of a book that has run through seven editions, nor is there much doubt about the welcome it will receive when it appears once more in the guise of a charming gift-book illustrated by Mr. Charles E. Brock. Penelope's experiences in Ireland must appeal to all lovers of irresponsible wanderings, for irresponsibility assuredly characterised the travels of Penelope, the wife, Francesca, the bride to be, and Salemina, the spinster (but only deserving this lone appellation till the last chapter). The three certainly enjoyed themselves in the Emerald Isle, despite the absence of the masculine belongings of Penelope and Francesca. They were concerned in many a mad exploit which would have been frowned at by the sterner sex, and they could not, perhaps, always be said to "have conduct" in the sense in which it was enjoined on the Irish wives by their husbands. Occasionally, Penelope drops her quips and cranks and treats one to a little serious moralising; at times she seems even to have been disposed to exchange "rushing" America for easy-going Ireland; but for her views on this point, as on many others, one should turn to a book that is well worth reading.

**"MISTLETOE MANOR."**

By HUME NISBET.  
(*John Long*. 6s.)

The contents of "Mistletoe Manor," according to the Prelude, owe their being to the snowing-up of the Manor in question and the fact that Squire Gilder's daughter, Kate, "was a member of the Pioneer, Sesame, and Writers' Clubs, and at these places had picked up a number of friends who had made their names by doing something or other." None of these institutions are likely to be greatly flattered by the stories, articles, and poems credited to their members and visitors by Mr. Hume Nisbet. The stories are, for the most part, of the kind fitly termed fugitive, and though they may satisfy the metaphorically snowed-up, it is not at all certain that they will please the critical. There is little or nothing in them of that glowing imagery of the masters whose imagination awakening imagination leads into the pleasant byways of the kingdom of the mind. The poems, presumably by the gentleman described in the Prelude as "a romantic poet," are neither inspired nor inspiring, remarkable neither for execution nor idea. Rather more entertainment is provided, however, by the record of a voyage from London to Sydney as third-class passenger on the R.M.S. *Orient*, and that of a voyage from Melbourne to Southampton in the steerage of a German liner, journeys which provide much food for thought. In a word, the book is a species of literary lucky-bag in which there are but few prizes and many blanks.

**"LORD LEONARD THE LUCKLESS."**

By W. E. NORRIS.  
(*Methuen*. 6s.)

Mr. Norris's latest novel will, doubtless, be a surprise to many of his readers. Although he has not, perhaps, been above hinting at a peccadillo, he has never before been infected with the modern spirit to such an extent as to pen a story which abounds in doubtful situations. The author is supposed to have been bequeathed Lord Leonard's "strangely candid diary," as he terms it, and at rare intervals he gives an extract, at the same time informing the reader that, in the main, it could not possibly be published. One is tempted to wonder how far the candour of the diary can possibly extend, in view of the extreme candour which characterises the novel—presumably so carefully expurgated. For instance, the whole question of Muriel's parentage and the discussion

of her marriage with Harry Morant is dealt with in a most crude manner, and the accusation of crudity is one not usually to be brought against Mr. Norris. The fact remains, however, that such a subject, if introduced at all, certainly required much more delicate handling than the author has seen fit to give it. It is difficult also to agree with him in deeming Lord Leonard merely luckless and not foolish. The superficial world certainly dubbed him the latter and considered that his misfortunes were principally the outcome of his own action or want of action, and particular episodes render this only a natural conclusion. Thus, for instance, it can hardly be credited that Lord Leonard would pay for an ill-considered kiss the fearful penalty of marriage with an obviously underbred girl in whom he had never really been deceived. Equally incredible is it that, when the weapon wherewith to punish the woman who had trodden his honour underfoot was practically

forced into his hand, he would have hesitated out of regard for another woman who had treated him shamefully in the past and who did not pretend to love him even while asking this favour at his hands. The character of Miss Juliet Vyse conveys, at any rate, a sense of familiarity. Her type is frequently to be met with—that of the woman with somewhat shallow emotions whose griefs are bitter but short and who possesses the admirable faculty of magnifying the compensations of even the worst predicaments. The whole story is an unpleasant one, and it is only in the account of the friendship, delightfully described, between Archie Morant the schoolboy and Lord Leonard, by this time nearing old age, that one recognises Mr. Norris and is thankful for the little fresh air thus introduced into a somewhat heated atmosphere.

**"BY A FINNISH LAKE."**

By PAUL WAINEMAN.  
(*Methuen*. 6s.)

Messrs.  
Methuen  
have just  
published a

new book by Mr. Paul Waineman, author of "A Heroine from Finland," which is far removed from the general run of fiction. It is the pathetic story of a delicate and sensitive girl who leaves her city home to become the wife of the Pastor of a lonely forest district, where the nearest neighbour lives ten miles away. The well-intentioned but prosy and rather vulgar Pastor makes her life an intolerable burden to her; indeed, his references to his sainted mother and his ideas as to

how a Pastorska ought to conduct herself irritate the reader almost as much as they did his long-suffering wife. Another aspect of his character is given in these few words: "The Pastor always began his breakfast by eating five or six boiled eggs, which he disposed of in a miraculously short time, preferring to bolt each egg in one gulp rather than to eat them in the ordinary way with the help of a spoon." A distinctly unpleasant person to breakfast with, one would imagine. Then comes upon the scene a handsome and manly Inspector who is not happy in his married life. When one says that he and the Pastorska were youthful lovers, the course of the story is sufficiently obvious. The ending, however, though happy, is not what might be conjectured, and one cannot help feeling that the Pastor, though he becomes rather more lovable, got better treatment than he deserved. The characters are exceedingly well drawn, and the writing throughout is graceful and pleasing; but perhaps the best features of "By a Finnish Lake" are the graphic descriptions of the changing aspects of water, wood, and sky. The vivid word-pictures fascinate the mind, and the thousand lakes of Finland, glittering in the sun of short but brilliant summers, or ice-bound in the long and dreary winters and encompassed by the dark and sombre forests, seem to take tangible form and to exist as much for the reader as for the author's creations.

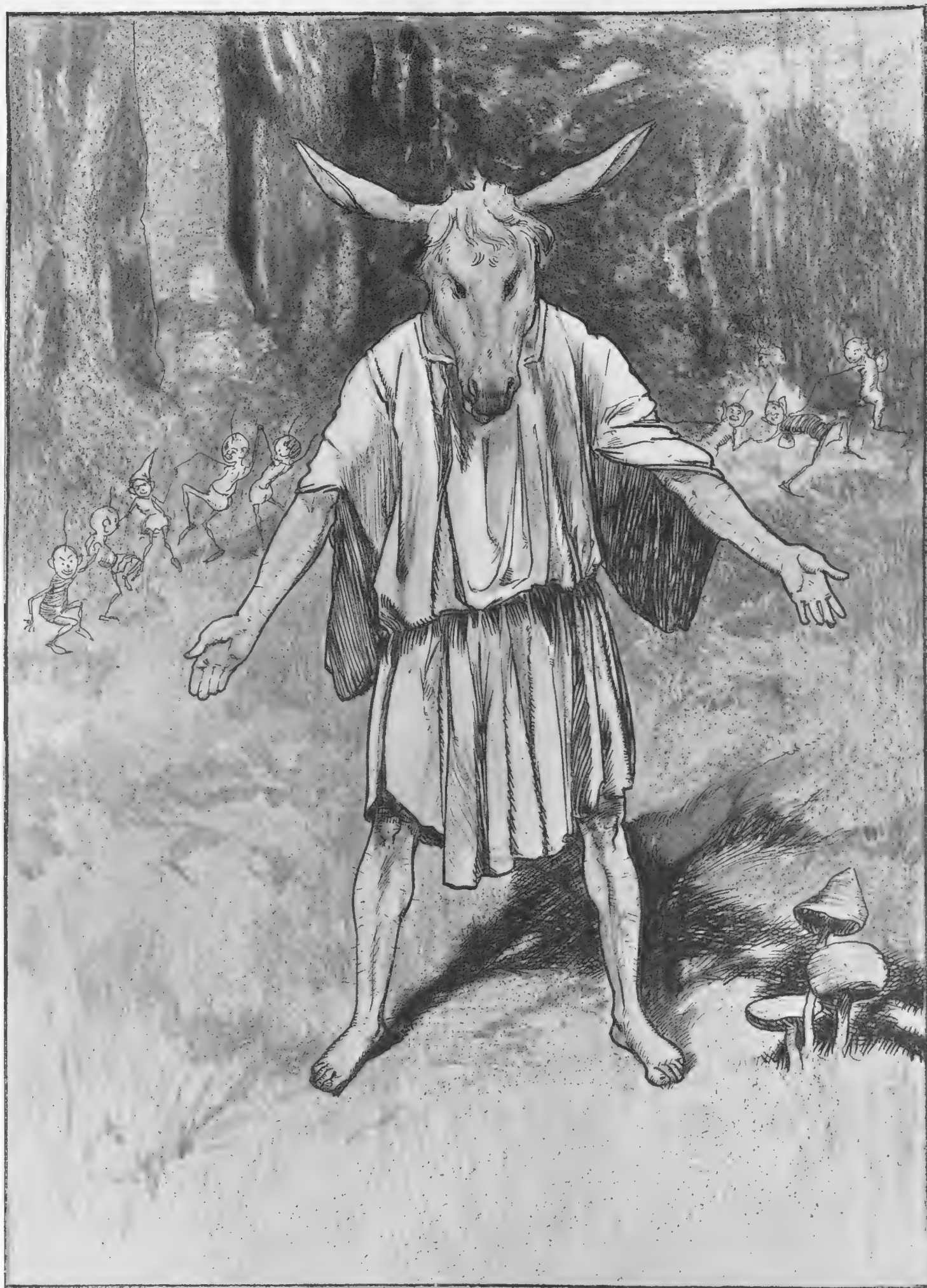


"We rang it after him."

Reproduced by permission from "Penelope's Irish Experiences." (*Gay and Bird*.)

## CHARACTERS FROM SHAKSPERE.

BY DUDLEY HARDY.



VI.—BOTTOM.

"THIS IS TO MAKE AN ASS OF ME."



NEWSPAPER HEADINGS.

AS INTERPRETED BY JOHN HASSALL.



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## "WHILE LUBIN IS AWAY."

By L. PARRY TRUSCOTT.



## I.

He was fair; with a figure a little too generous in its curves, perhaps; with eyes that were a trifle near-sighted in their gaze;

with a few years too many behind him for the retention of absolute freshness—only a few, but what a difference they make! He struck a chord, two or three chords (in the minor), and left off again.

And yet he was scarcely what is considered middle-aged by even the very accurate. He had been called handsome in face by—well, by women (it is usually women who say such things); could not be called uncomely in form; wasn't by any means bald—just thinning. Sitting twirling on his stool, he looked again at the slight, girlish figure in the big arm-chair at the other end of the long music-room.

"Poof!" he said to himself. "Too stout? Just comfortable—not an atom more than comfortable. Stout, *indeed!*" and he laughed.

"What are you laughing at now?" questioned the girl in the chair.

"Not myself," he smiled. "Let me tell you I was not laughing at myself." But he told her no more.

Instead, he let his hands wander over the keys. Those ivory keys, at any rate, cared nothing about a man's age or his figure; he might measure what he would round the waist if his fingers had the right sort of cunning at their tips. So that a man understood them, they gave him faithfully, truly, their best in return. For every year of devotion they added a little to his power of mastering them. Thinning hair! A fig—a demi-semi-quaver for thinning hair! Unfailingly they responded to his caress; his lightest touch awoke them; they took his wildest moods for their moods; there never was a time when they could not give him back a thousandfold all he had bribed them with. For honest work, melody; for love, sweet refreshment; for untiring patience, unbroken harmony.

What better companion could a man—beyond his first youth—possibly need than his grand piano? He played a snatch of an exquisite air with the most lover-like touch of his supple fingers.

"Poof!" he said to himself again. "But I am quite passably youthful." And he broke off the exquisite air in the middle of a phrase.

"Why did you do that?" asked the girl from the chair.

"I have no further use for the thing—at this moment," said he. "But come," he went on, "I have unearthed a song for you. Come and sing. Do you know this?" He played the prelude while he spoke. "You must know it, for your great-grandmother sang it—no, I didn't hear her; your thought is libellous—but she must have sung it, and you belong to your great-grandmother. You can say what you like, but you are no more modern than music itself. And if you do not sing this song as well as you can sing anything—for what that is worth; and God forbid that I should turn flatterer at my age, so it isn't worth much—nor is my age; I dare you to suggest it! Where were we? Well, well! Come and sing. Now, kindly tell me you know it."

He left off playing, but he hummed the opening lines in a soft, flexible baritone—

"My mother bids me bind my hair  
With bands of rosy hue.

"Come, bind your hair! Bind your hair! How often have I told you that a ribbon in the hair is the surest lure to all masculine hearts? With dark hair—you haven't got bad hair; there are some middling tasteful curls to it, even—and a rosy ribbon round it, and you might be wearing my heart as an ornament as well, and yet you go obstinately unbound! Come, bind! Come, bind!"

"You are not my mother!" laughed the girl, but she came to his side and lent her voice to his music. Almost it seemed a pity that so much faultless sound should be spent on a room otherwise empty; but, at any rate, the man, putting his soul into the simple, old-world tune, as was his incurable fashion with whatever he played, was yet alert for every note, every shade of expression, in the wonderful, clear voice he followed. Nothing of its charm was lost to him, although, as it turned out, there were things he would willingly have lost, even at the expense of music wedded to dramatic expression, as he was always preaching it should be.

For there was yearning there and sorrow and heart-break—tears, unshed, but real. A great, passionate longing to an almost imperceptible hope. And he knew her—well enough. He had watched her acting for him, or it might be for others, very prettily and girlishly many times. He had chidden her for a lack of emotion here, of intensity there, leaving a blank for which all the pure, true notes could not wholly atone. And so he recognised the occasion when she sang for the first time with her whole heart, because the words happened to be the words her heart was ever aching with; when, regardless, unknowingly, she became an artist, because she was a woman who had forgotten her audience and herself.

"Alas!—I scarce—can go—or *creeep*  
While Lu-bin is a-way."

And then—

"The vil-lage seems—a-sleep—or *dead*  
Now Lu-bin is a-way."

But in the silence that followed she recovered consciousness, looked at him quickly, read what he had read in the face he had perhaps not intended to mask. And with a sob, a stifled cry, she ran quickly, like the child she was, out of the room, taking his last faintest doubt out with her.

"But it wasn't worth—a demi-semi-quaver rest," said he.

He got up; he wandered about the long room; more than once he passed a glass without looking in to assure himself of the boyish figure he pretended to, or the visionary hairs he made his pride.

"So I am not her mother," he reflected. "But then I am not this Mr. Lubin either. I should never have gone away—of all the wanton things to do, and the most effectual! Your Lubins, who go away, how they win the women! They may even grow—stoutish. The women will be too blinded by tears and joy to remark on it—when they have been long enough away. I'd bet my cherished grand—my eyesight—he is not worth a pianola, this Lubin! What are the young men of to-day—but all men are young, so what are men coming to at all, when hair so admirably suitable for rosy ribbons cannot bind her Lubin to her side? . . .

"I am not her mother—she has no mother, poor, pretty child!" He sought the glass. "I think I see one grey hair," he mused, "and, being grey, if solitary, it may give me a weight and steadiness I should



have missed with only golden locks. Is that a wrinkle? How Nature helps us in our need! I would have sworn there was no wrinkle yesterday. With a wrinkle here or there, a grey hair more or less—it will be easier so. For it seems, since I am not cast for Lubin, I must play a mother's part to her, though I am not her mother."

## II.

If he had not been as clever as he thought himself at getting his own way, he would not have surprised her story from her. But it was characteristic of him that he gave the credit to a grey hair that belonged to a gentle and sympathetic manner. And it was a sad little story, heard only in barest outline, which is all he had at present asked to hear. It was far worse than he had expected. For, if Lubin had simply been away, it seemed, at her own showing, the little lady's sorrow would have been a trifle gladly borne, needing no bands or ribbons for disguise. But unrequited love was the malady she suffered from, and how could he help her there?

He might have gone to Lubin, absent, and, punching his head as a preliminary, have persuaded him, or even forced him, to return. But, put love where love was not? If her beauty had failed to do it, how could he?

Words to this effect, in soreness of spirit, he was led to say to her.

"And he isn't even very far away?" he questioned, gropingly.

"No—but miles in spirit! Oh, forget it—don't look so sorry! You made me tell you, and it isn't a tale to tell to any man, least of all to you! You shouldn't have made me tell it."

"Do I know this Lubin?" Still he could not abandon all his hope of helping her.

"What does it matter? Yes," said she.

"I'd like to punch his head."

"I'd hate you to!"

"His hair is thick enough, I warrant."

A sudden laugh escaped her, brushing aside the tears. "I have seen thicker hair," she said.

"Lubin is thin, I wager; a weasel of a man. Lubin is not—stoutish?"

Again the involuntary laugh that chased the tears.

"I've seen much thinner men!" she answered, softly.

"Child!" he burst out, "no thin man is worth your tears, much less a broken heart. Why couldn't you like one pleasantly stoutish?"

Just for an instant she looked at him, a look to pierce his darkness. Her life, her love, were wavering in the balance, and he had proved himself near-sighted, so who should blame her?

"I do," she whispered, "like a—stoutish—man."

Suddenly, grown young in the warmth of that look of hers, young and doubting of his great fortune, he put his hands upon her shoulders.

"Is Lubin fat? Is Lubin growing bald? Is he middle-aged and conceited—with love alone to recommend him, after all? Is Lubin a whimsical fool, unworthy—?"

She drew a hand down and kissed it.

"Lubin is none of these things," she declared, "none of these things to me; but the dear friend who has always played with me, always helped me, taught me all I know and all I care for—the dear friend who—"

"Who, the

crazy old humbug that he is, would be your lover if he dared."

"Who is—if he will be."

"So Lubin was only absent in your fancy!"

"So you only fancied Lubin was his name!"



[DRAWN BY W. D. ALMOND, R.I.]

"The vil-lage seems—a-sleep—or dead  
Now Lu-bin is a-way."

"WHILE LUBIN IS AWAY."



## VI.

I REMEMBER the time, only a few years ago, when the British visitor to the Italian Riviera was looked upon as a reckless and hardy adventurer. To be sure, people went to Bordighera and San Remo, but this last-named town was the extreme limit of the wise man's pilgrimage. Even to accomplish as much, or as little, as this, it

was necessary to face the Customs at Ventimiglia and to change from the comfort and luxury of the "P.L.M." to the Italian trains, that have a very proper but rather trying distaste for anything that is not quite Spartan in its simplicity. Across the frontier, in well-beloved Italy, the trains have a fine contempt for pace and punctuality. They go with the deliberation that accompanies age, stop at every station, and, if they come to a place where a station might be erected, they stop there too. It does not matter if you are going from France to Italy, for the French service is as punctual as it is comfortable; but if you are going from Italy into France by the Riviera route from Genoa instead of Modane, it is safe to wager long odds that the Italian train will arrive very late at Ventimiglia, and that the French train will have started punctually, leaving you to enjoy the hard benches and scanty fire of the

station waiting-room while the wee small hours grow larger. It is customary to laugh at the railway service of Spain and Portugal, and I have had strange experiences in those countries, but for incapacity and incivility, combined with general discomfort and unpunctuality, Italy claims pride of place.

Even the Italian railways cannot spoil the Italian Riviera. The coast-line is as radiant and attractive as it was lower down on the French side; the resting-places for the traveller are quaint and picturesque, with a touch of the times when never a tourist came there. Between San Remo and Genoa, I think, Alassio must be proclaimed the most inviting spot. It is a very old town, quite clean, and surrounded by really charming country, full of a quaint, interesting native life. The building of villas progresses apace round Alassio, but, as the houses are well away from one another and surrounded by pines and palms and eucalyptus, the eye is not offended by the work. Past Alassio one may go right on to Genoa. There are folk who stop at Pegli, but they only remain long enough to find out that the Pallavicini Gardens, though beautiful, cannot make the little town desirable. At Genoa the visitor often thinks he has come to the end of the Riviera; but, if he will persevere, he will find some of the prettiest places on the Mediterranean littoral lying between him and Spezzia.

Nervi, San Margherita, and Rapallo can hold their own against any rivals for beauty, the gift of sunshine, and comfort. They are quite Italian, but many of the hotels are conducted by Swiss folk, to the great advantage of travellers. Fortunately, or unfortunately, according to the point of view, Germany has discovered Nervi and overrun it.

Rapallo and San Margherita are almost unspoiled. The number of visitors increases every year, but slowly enough to permit the natives to live their own pleasant lives without thinking that their town was made for visitors and not for themselves. In Rapallo some of the hotels are on the beach; they have big verandahs built out over the sunny waters of the bay, and you take your morning coffee just above the little waves that play gently beneath your feet. Along the seashore the lace-makers work all day long, earning little enough for their charming work, and the fisher folk cast their nets, to the benefit of the visitor's breakfast-table. The streets are long and narrow, with high old houses towering on either side, and the natives are very courteous.

When I went for the first time to Rapallo, the place relied entirely upon the attractions of its splendid scenery, mountain walks, exquisite air, and modest charges. For five shillings a day one lived well in the less pretentious places, and this sum covered the cost of the native wine that was decidedly preferable to the native water. For excursions one went to San Margherita or Porto Fino and breakfasted there, or went by boat to the tiny bay where the marble tombs of the great house of Doria lie in the shadow of San Fruttuoso. There was little enough to do, but the days passed delightfully and rapidly, never bringing in their train any desire for change. The place is still delightful, yet it would be idle to deny that increased prosperity has



brought it more into line with the conventional resorts of the littoral. Now, there is a Kursaal that gives two concerts a day and makes a special feature of five o'clock tea; the natives are, at least, more sophisticated than they were, and are beginning to realise that there is another and more profitable season than vintage. S. L. BENSUSAN.





## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE latest American play-importation, "The Adoption of Archibald," will, I am officially informed, be produced by Messrs. Herbert Sleath (of England) and Mr. Al. H. Canby (of America) at the Avenue next Friday week. The Company will include Miss Fanny Brough, Mr. George Giddens, Mr. Sleath, and Master Cyril Smith, who will impersonate a character which may be called Archibald the Adoptee. You are to know that this much-perplexed child, on escaping from an Orphan Home, has good reason to wish that he hadn't. The comedy appears to be full of quaint surprises.

Mr. Forbes-Robertson informs me that he has selected next Saturday week for his production of Miss Constance Fletcher's adaptation of Rudyard Kipling's story, "The Light that Failed," at the Lyric. The principal characters are thus allotted: Maisie, Miss Gertrude Elliott; Bessie Broke, Miss Nina Boucicault; the Model, Miss Aimée De Burgh; the Red-haired Girl, Miss Margaret Halstan (who has lately won many German-play successes); Torpenhow, Mr. Aubrey Smith (the new Secretary of the Stage Society); Fordham, "the Nilghai," Mr. Sydney Valentine; and the sometime hapless Dick Helder, Mr. Forbes-Robertson. The only canine character in the play—namely, Binkie—will be enacted by a fox-terrier, who, to judge from the rehearsals, appears to possess considerable histrionic powers. After the prologue, which takes place in a War Correspondent's tent in the Soudan, the action will be distributed chiefly between Maisie's Studio, Jubilee Road, W., and Dick's Studio, Norfolk Street, Strand. The fact that this latest adaptation of Rudyard Kipling's strong—not to say over-strong—story ends in Dick's Studio will tend to reassure those playgoers who had, as I have good reason to know, been fearing that Mr. Forbes-Robertson's latest might err a "leetle"

night, is the first—or, at all events, the first *produced* work—which Mr. Ambient has written "all out of his own head." Hitherto, he has been concerned with collaborators. For example, he wrote a Russian play, called "Christina," with one "Frank Latimer," who, I may tell you, was Frank B. Money Coutts, a relative of the famous banking family, who has since, under his own name, stood confessed as a poet. Mr. Ambient anon wrote "Oh, Susannah!" in collaboration with Mr. Russell Vann and another, and later he, in collaboration with Mr. Wilton Heriot, wrote for Mr. Penley that really quaint Christmas comedy, "A Little Ray of Sunshine." This play, I have always thought, would have stood a better chance had it borne the name which Penley first confided to me, namely, "A Wicked Uncle."

But to revert to the Royalty's next production, namely, "A Snug Little Kingdom," I may say that, however the play itself may turn out on the first-night (and who can foretell these things?), the cast is undoubtedly of the strongest. It will include that fine and always outspoken actor, Mr. Charles Warner, who will impersonate a sort of Yorkshire but yearning father; whose

eldest son is something of a "waster," and a grand character it seems to be, full of what are nowadays professionally known as "Robsonian" dashes of humour and pathos. The sometime prodigal son is to be enacted by Mr. De Lyn Harding, who has of late proved himself one of our most promising "jeunes premiers." Mr. H. B. Warner, son of Mr. Charles Warner, is to play the younger and less prodigal son. The cast will further include Miss Nancy Price, who gave so good a histrionic account of herself in "Ulysses" (in Mr. Beerbohm Tree's notable production of Mr. Stephen Phillips's noble play); Miss May Woolgar Mellon, the bright daughter of that fine actress, Mrs. Alfred Mellon; Miss Maude Danks; and Mrs. Calvert, wife of the late great Shaksperian producer, Charles Calvert, and mother of three of our most promising stage-players.

Mr. J. B. Mulholland may be congratulated on the success of "Cinderella" at his new King's Theatre, Hammersmith. The pantomime, which is generally acknowledged to be one of the best in London, comes off at the end of this week. It is claimed for the King's that it is the third largest theatre in London, coming next to Drury Lane and Covent Garden in point of size. The house accommodates more than three thousand persons; but, since Hammersmith contains an enormous resident population and the new system of electric tramways gives easy access from many other populous districts, the King's is none too large for its audience.

Miss Gladys Unger is the young author of the one-Act play, entitled "Edmund Kean," which, together with two other pieces, is being performed at the Vaudeville Theatre on Saturday afternoons in aid of poor people living in the Strand district. The incidental music to "Edmund Kean" has been composed by Miss Ellaline Terriss.



MISS CORY, NOW PLAYING IN "THE GIRL FROM KAY'S,"  
AT THE APOLLO.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

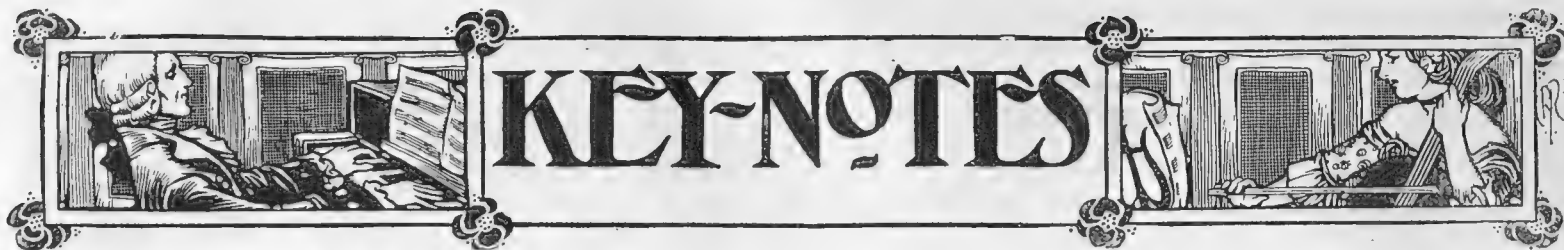


MISS GLADYS UNGER.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

too much on the side of what I may, perhaps, in this connection, call "Rudyardian Realism."

In the meantime, the next new play due is Mr. Mark Ambient's comedy, entitled "A Snug Little Kingdom," which title is obviously suggested by a couplet in Thackeray's well-known ballad, "The Cane-bottomed Chair." It is to be noted by those curious in such matters that this play, to be produced at the Royalty next Saturday



M<sup>R.</sup> FRITZ KREISLER is, without any question, one of the very foremost violinists of the present generation; we would not say that what George Eliot used to call his "intellectuals" were quite on the same level as is the capacity of Joachim; but emotionally he can reach far deeper down than even that violinist, whom four decades have combined to praise. Kreisler seems to the present writer to get quite to the very heart of his subject; music, when all is said and done, is the direct outpouring of emotion, and one usually finds that with a player who is not simply and wholly emotional an added difference is given to interpretation which does not really enter into the original ideal of the composer. There are, of course, exceptions to this most general rule, but it is impossible for the critic not to summarise without suggesting exceptions, seeing that the "trend of circumstance" leads to a general judgment. Kreisler, then, is an inimitable exponent of what may be called the nearly universal school of music; one says "nearly universal" because there are prominent exceptions in the artistic world, a phrase which includes such a creator as Edward Elgar. Oddly enough, it does not include Beethoven; and in the Concerto by that magnificent Master which Kreisler played at a recent Symphony Concert the emotion of that musical thinker was rendered with so surprising an insight, with so extraordinary a sentiment of its shaking significance, that one was left half-tortured by doubt as to which of the two different schools of music was really the right and appealing one—the emotional or the intellectual.

The whole question, then, may be said to depend upon whether one pleases the brain or the other pleases the heart. Joachim certainly has always appealed to the brain; equally it may now be said that Kreisler appeals to the emotions that are supposed to be represented by the heart. There is a certain humour in taking such a point of view as this—that, from a critical standpoint, one may claim the possession of that human outlook which combines the two thoughts in order to make such a distinction. We are assured, for example, that Mr. Elgar in his own work feels that music should be written just according to his own fine sense of art; we are equally assured that Kreisler feels, in an entirely opposite direction, that music should just be interpreted according to *his* sense of art; and the reason of this comparison lies in the fact that the creator and the interpreter sometimes meet upon a boundary-line and that there are occasions when their personalities seem almost to overlap.

Mr. Elgar, however, must experience the supreme comfort of originality, and, indeed, the writer of this page would be the very last man to suggest that that musician's wonderful art was not identified with the superlative accomplishments of the world. Quite recently, Berlioz's "Grand Traité" has been the subject of my study; and I find that even such scores as the "Romeo and Juliet" and the "Symphonie Funèbre et Triomphale" are not more significant than are many pages of the "Gerontius," yet that score of Berlioz, so mis-read, so misunderstood, so neglected, remains as one of the triumphs of the art of orchestration; it is actually scored for no less than twenty-nine separate groups of instruments! No wonder that Gounod thought it worth while to steal popularity from such a source.

Mr. Alfred Schulz-Curtius announces that two complete Cycles of Wagner's "Ring des Nibelungen" will be produced during the Covent Garden Opera season under the direction of Herr Richter.

Once more we shall have the experience repeated of theatre-goers dashing down Bow Street to seize a hasty meal between the wooing and the death of Siegfried. The first Cycle has its appointed dates for April 27, 29, 30, and May 2; the second Cycle is fixed for May 5, 6, 7, and 9. The work will be produced (in Mr. Schulz-Curtius's humorous phrase) "without cuts and as at Bayreuth." There will be no restrictions as to dress, but one is glad to note that Mr. Schulz-Curtius insists upon ladies appearing upon the festive scene without bonnets. Among the artists engaged for the stupendous production, one may chiefly mention Fräulein Ternina, whose really glorious work in Munich and elsewhere has now been for so long recognised at its full value. She is a musician and an artist to the finger-tips; for not only is she intellectual enough to understand Wagner to the ultimate point of his meaning, but in Mozart ("Common Chord," for example, has witnessed her performance of the chief soprano part in "Cosi fan Tutte") she also fulfils the exact emotion which that most deeply emotional musician ever conceived.



MRS. RAYMOND ROZE.

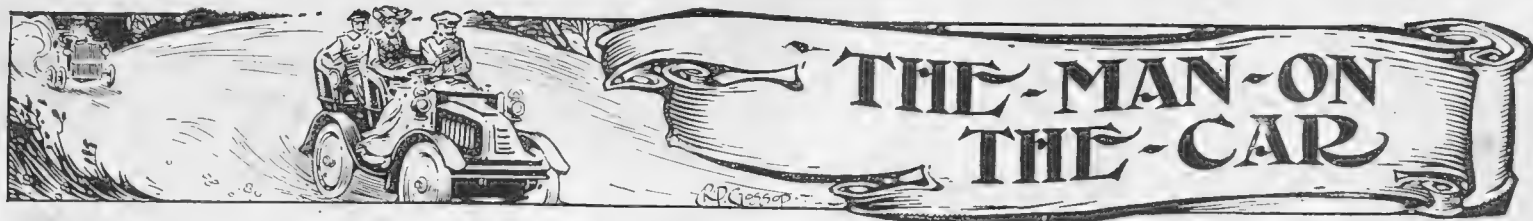
*Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.*

make an arrangement with the Wagner family for the production of that "flower-like work" in England? There is no earthly reason why sentiment should cling to the production of such an opera as "Parsifal" any more than it should cling to the production of (may one say?) "The Eternal City" in London.

A beautiful woman and the possessor of a splendid soprano voice, it is little wonder that Mrs. Raymond Roze is so popular in musical circles. Her husband, as *Sketch* readers are most of them aware, has composed some exceptionally fine music for the poetic play at the Shaftesbury entitled "For Sword or Song." COMMON CHORD.

Mr. Frank Wheeler, the representative of the eminent Australian and South African theatrical managerial firm of B. and F. Wheeler and Co., has just come over to England to arrange with his famous firm's famous English partner, Mr. George Edwardes, concerning certain big productions to be taken to South Africa. Mr. Frank Wheeler will re-embark for South Africa next Saturday (the 31st inst.), taking with him for a long engagement Mrs. Lewis Waller and her newly reinforced repertory.





*The Upkeep of a Motor—A Glassy Surface—Non-Skidders—The Gordon Bennett Race—The Automobile Club.*

THE Sales Manager of the City and Suburban Electric Carriage Company fears that a statement lately made in these columns, to the effect that the upkeep of an electric-carriage is as costly as that of a horse-drawn vehicle and six horses, is likely to produce a wrongful impression amongst the readers of *The Sketch*. The facts as they came to hand were in some way distorted, for what appears to be the real state of things is that, while the maintenance of an electric-carriage such as so frequently seen nowadays about our West-End thoroughfares is equal in annual expenditure to that of a carriage-and-pair, the electric-car will do the work of a carriage-and-pair with three changes of cattle. This, it is stated, has been proved again and again by the figures extracted from carefully kept stable-books and compared with the cost of the upkeep of an electrically propelled vehicle over a similar period. Inquiry is so frequently made by those who contemplate giving up their horses and taking to power vehicles for town work that it is as well to have a clear pronouncement on the subject. The idea that the electric-carriage is at present a much more expensive vehicle than a horse-drawn conveyance obtains very largely, and, in the best interests of electrical propulsion, it would be well if certified comparative costs were published.

Automobilists who drove abroad on Saturday, 17th inst., when for the space of a couple of hours or so rain fell and froze upon the frost-bitten earth as it fell, have some astonishing tales to tell of their adventures. The glassy surface of the roads offered no grip to either steering or driving wheels, so that the cars were quite beyond control and slipped and slid about the roads at their own sweet will. It is said that a very well-known automobilist occupied no less than three hours in getting his car up a long hill in a Kentish suburb, while another, who drives an 8 horse-power De Dion a good deal in Surrey, slid broadside on all the way down Red Hill, on the Ripley Road. So terrible was the condition of the surface that, if a driver or his passengers descended and endeavoured to assist the car by shoving, their feet fled away from beneath them and they measured their several lengths on the ground. Such an occurrence is so rare in this country that it would be absurd to carry any particular provision against it during English winters; but had any of the gentlemen so troubled been able to twist a few lengths of clothes-line round their tyres, they would have been able to defy the ice.

From glissading on icy roads to side-slipping on greasy wood-pavement, asphalt, or macadam is but a step, but the latter are nearly always with us, while the former is the single feature of a decade. Every car-owner who drives his own carriage will admit "funk" of grease, and looks out eagerly for the advent of the perfect non-slipper. Last week publicity was given to the Parsons non-skidder, since when the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company have announced that they have a tyre-cover which is as nearly perfect as may be. The tread of the covers of the tyres is cut across transversely by segmental grooves formed in the rubber, these grooves being about an inch and three-quarters apart, and by the manner in which Mr. Arthur Du Cros was seen to steer a 15 horse-power Panhard fitted with these tyres at high speed round refuges and in and out the traffic of Regent Circus, the Haymarket, and Waterloo Place, when the wood and asphalt were in as deadly a condition as well could be, the big Company appear to have hit upon the one thing necessary to safe town-driving. Even when driving fast on greasy asphalt the car never swung a hair from the straight, though both foot and lever brakes were put hard down.

Nothing is now required for the successful holding of the great Gordon Bennett race in Ireland but the consent of the Legislature. As the decision of the contest will cause a large amount of money to be spent in the Green Isle, where it would be very welcome, the support of the Irish Members of Parliament is to be asked by the Automobile Club for a Bill to make legal the conduct of the race over certain roads in Ireland. Such an attempt to render something more than "Justice to Oireland" will assuredly receive the strongest support of the honourable gentlemen in question. Their burning eloquence, when focussed upon this matter, should persuade the most virulent auto-phobist with a seat at St. Stephen's that he must vote for the Bill. The County Council of Queen's County have already set the other Irish Councils and the House of Commons an excellent example. This most sporting and up-to-date body discussed the matter as long ago as the 12th inst., when they resolved that, as far as their territory went, every facility should be given, and that the roads forming the part of the selected course within their district should be placed at the disposal of the Automobile Club for the purposes of the race. A

County Council can go no further than this, and if the rest follow suit, Parliament will surely be persuaded.

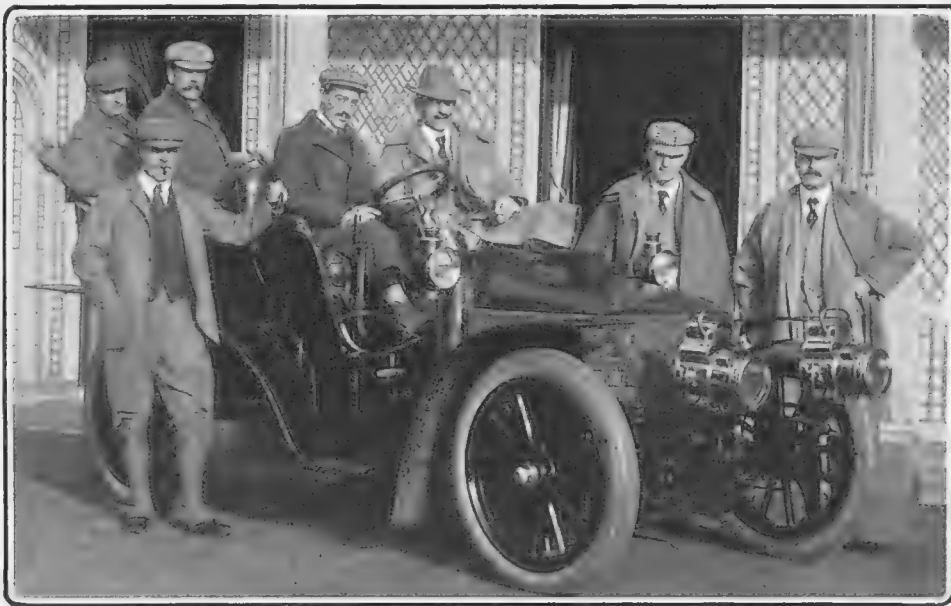
If the authors of papers to be read this winter session before the Automobile Club equal the efforts of Baron Henri de Rothschild and Mr. Charles Jarrott, large attendances will result after the House Dinners. The "demon" driver, as Jarrott is styled even upon the Continent, where heroic driving is not uncommon, briefly and interestingly traced the history of automobile racing on the other side of the Channel. In many of the events he touched upon Mr. Jarrott was a competitor, his first appearance being made in the Paris-Berlin event

of June 1901. The Circuit du Nord Alcohol race saw him a good second to Farman, one of the finest and most fearless drivers. It is good to realise that, when England sets her three representative cars going for the Gordon Bennett this year, wherever held, at the wheel of one of the Napiers will be found the big-hearted Jarrott.

#### MOTORS AT EASTON LODGE.

Some time ago, it was feared in Essex that Lord and Lady Warwick were going to abandon Easton as a place of residence, and great was the sorrow in the neighbourhood of the old home of the Maynards. But, though the shooting over the estate was let for a time, within the last few weeks the Earl has resumed possession, and Easton Lodge seems likely to see an era of renewed life and prosperity. The house has been largely added to in recent years, and is now quite a large mansion, the particular wing inhabited by Lord and Lady Warwick being an object-lesson in tasteful decoration. Both Lord and Lady Warwick are enthusiastic motorists, and Easton has now a roomy garage with a pit and a bench at which ordinary repair work can be done. The Earl's car, a 20 horse-power Wolseley, has been found of considerable use for conveying visitors to a distant station where fast trains may be caught, for Essex is curiously behind the times in the matter of railway facilities. Lady Warwick has a beautiful little Panhard for her own private use, and, as she takes great interest in the development of the estate and the progress of agriculture in the neighbourhood, it is not at all unlikely that ere long the motor will be called in to rectify the deficiencies of the railway, since the present system of carriage of farm produce is admittedly costly and cumbersome.

Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest. Major-Gen. Arthur Paget. Earl Cairns.



The Earl of Warwick. The Duke of Alba and Berwick. Mr. Low. Earl Howe.

THE EARL OF WARWICK AND HIS FRIENDS AT EASTON LODGE.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

*Abandoned Meetings—The Spring Handicaps—Schooling.*

AS so many interests are involved in race-meetings, I think the Inspector of Courses appointed by the National Hunt Committee should inspect all racecourses and report to the Stewards before a decision as to abandonment is arrived at. Of course, as is well known, many meetings held during the winter months are insured, and when more than an average of doubt exists, it is a great temptation to Clerks of Courses to suggest abandonment to the Stewards, who, in nine cases out of ten, are miles removed from the seat of the mischief. With the weather doubtful, the chances are always against the success of any winter meeting, while, on the other hand, the insurance money is equal to being on a good thing to nothing. I suggest that all Clerks of Courses who insure their meetings be made to give due notice to the National Hunt Committee, and all those meetings should come under the eye of the official Inspector. If I had my way, no meeting should be insured, but, as it is allowable, proper measures should be taken to look after the interests of owners, the railway companies, and the race-going public. The underwriters, seemingly, are fond of a gamble, and they would insure anything or anybody, but even they must see that they have very little voice in the matter of deciding whether a race-meeting shall be held or not.

The weights for the majority of the Spring Handicaps will be published on Thursday, and much will depend on the work of the weight-adjusters. Nabot has been backed on the Continental lists for some time. He ran well in the Cambridgeshire after he had been trained under American methods, and it will be interesting to see whether a change of stables means a change of form in his case. Fighting Furley, if in with a light weight, is very likely to go close at Lincoln; and Over Norton, who ran third last year, is one that may go close. Watershed is very likely to run well, unless the stable decide to stand on Glass Jug, who was fancied by Captain Beatty for the Cambridgeshire but was beaten pointlessly by her stable-companion, St. Maclou. It should not, however, be overlooked that Glass Jug ran a respectable second to Sceptre for the Oaks, finishing well in front of Elba, who was the sharps' tip for that race. Handicapper, who has done nothing since he won the Two Thousand Guineas of 1901, is said to have come back to form. If so, the Lincoln course should suit his superior speed to a nicety. Lord Carnarvon, who has gone to California on a mine-prospecting expedition, is not likely to return to England until the end of April, and his horses are not expected to be fit for the Lincoln Meeting. Pekin may go close, but I shall go solid for Royal George if he gets in with a light weight. The weights for the City and Suburban are compiled by the Jockey

Club Handicapping Committee (Messrs. Lee, Dawkins, and Keyser). Duke of Westminster is entered, but I, for one, must see him do something before trusting him again. Acefull, Smilax, and D'Orsay will, I am afraid, get too much weight, which, by-the-bye, may be impossible to happen in the case of Epsom Lad. Pekin is very likely to go for this race.

The majority of our trainers have been schooling their two-year-olds, and I am told that many of the young horses that have been roughed up at Newmarket and elsewhere have come through the ordeal with flying colours. The starting-gate is a big feature in the schooling of racehorses, who, by-the-bye, soon get used to the flying up of the tape. Now that the gate is in general use, it is imperative on trainers to see that their lads do not pull the young horses' heads too hard. I believe many a thoroughbred has been ruined on the training-ground by the cruelty of the lad in charge. Further, I would not allow any jockey to take what is termed a long, steady pull at his horse in a race. This was thought to be a necessary bit of diplomacy in the old days, but the American methods proved it to have been useless nonsense. The less a thoroughbred is checked in his paces, the better he acts.

CAPTAIN COE.

## EARL FITZWILLIAM'S FOXHOUNDS.

It is a somewhat curious fact that there are no less than three Fitzwilliam packs of foxhounds; but while one of these is "The Fitzwilliam," the other two are known as "Earl Fitzwilliam's," with headquarters at Wentworth Woodhouse, near Rotherham, and Coollatin, Shillelagh, County Wicklow, respectively. Both these latter packs are under the Mastership of the Earl, who succeeded to the title and estates only last year, and who, as Lord Milton, was an enthusiastic huntsman, the youngest member of the House of Commons, a great traveller, and gained the "D.S.O." while serving on the Headquarters Staff in the late War. Earl Fitzwilliam is also much interested in engineering, mining and otherwise. The late Earl was for many years Master of the English pack and also of the Irish Hunt when it was known as "The Island." The country hunted by Earl Fitzwilliam's in the Emerald Isle consists of the old Island territory and is his Lordship's own property. It is a bank country and consists for the most part of pasture, though there is a good deal of moorland. There is no wire, and a well-bred horse, stout and on short legs, is the most suitable. The pack consists of fifty couples and the best centres to hunt from are Carnew, Gorey, Ferns, and Shillelagh.



EARL FITZWILLIAM (SECOND FIGURE FROM THE LEFT) WITH HOUNDS AT SHILLELAGH, COUNTY WICKLOW.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

NOW that so many of us are, like the swallows in their season, going South, the question of transporting ourselves and our belongings in a comparatively uncrumpled condition to our various destinations becomes again a question of superlative importance. As far as our own bodily condition goes, the *coupé lit* and other

is that "so many marriages are afoot," according to my master builder, and the house-front is usually treated to its four fresh coats in honour of the departing daughter. How far-reaching are the effects of matrimony!

Apropos of houses, by the way, I wish very much that some admitted authority on the slowly reviving art of domestic decoration and architecture would issue a homily on the subject of the British hall. So much thought and expenditure are commonly nowadays lavished on drawing-room and dining-room, but the undignified passage which ordinarily leads to our front-door, as if it had been abandoned in despair of its structural deformities, is allowed to remain, notwithstanding the ambitious awakenings of latter-day craftsmen. The Georgian builder had been brought up on a diet of unlimited straight lines, and from that downright programme it never entered his brain of narrow grooves to depart. Therefore, whatever variety of habitation he builded, mansion or villa, the straight, narrow path led unswervingly to the stair-foot. If decorated with yellow marble paper and floored with tarpaulin, the ideal was complete.

Now, if first impressions count for anything, and we know they do, whether in the matter of love or wall-papers, a warm, cheerful, roomy hall is above all things desirable on entering the house. To effect this even in a London side-street is not impossible; but, in effecting it, we must in most cases sacrifice the front dining-room and betake ourselves to the back. To gain a wide, square hall, the passage partition must be taken down, moreover. But, if our conservative constitutions can survive this innovation, what a gain in cheeriness and what a transformation of the old London house is immediately effected. I have before me three delightful designs for the treatment of these converted halls or lounges from the several firms of Maple, Waring, and Norman and Stacey, which I would much wish to reproduce here for the benefit of the aspiring *Hausfrau*, but, where



[Copyright.]

A SIMPLE AFTERNOON-DRESS OF NEW DESIGN.

comforts do much; doubtless we shall go farther and fare even better in time. In the matter of baggage transport, however, something remains to be desired, as those who have experienced the Transatlantic and Continental railway-porters' attentions can feelingly indorse. "Out of evil cometh good" saith the indisputable truth, and it is, doubtless, owing to the undisputed prominence in luggage-throwing and banging which the American porter proudly owns that to an American it has been revealed how to circumvent his outrageous pomps and works by the invention of a system of clothes-carrying which can be seen by all who betake themselves to 28, Cockspur Street. The Innovation Trunk Company thoroughly deserves its name. A demonstration of its system for packing and carrying the most delicate and easily crushed frocks and fabrics is daily given at this address, and my advice to every woman who meditates Riviera or Egypt in the immediate future is to go to Cockspur Street and see for herself.

While we are away, spring-cleaning is naturally uppermost, and the smartening up of our house-fronts also proceeds apace. One of London's big builders told me the other day that the oncoming season will be a record one of activity in his trade, and the two reasons he gave sounded decidedly comical, though, no doubt, correct. So many people, it would seem, "cleaned up" last year externally—and it is to be hoped elsewhere—in view of the Coronation that their neighbours who economically avoided that expensive pastime have become prominently grubby. White paint has this effect to a marked degree on its "next-doors." Another cause of London's embellishment



[Copyright.]

A BALL-GOWN OF BLACK LACE AND NET OVER WHITE.

possible, a visit to either firm would more fitly convey my meaning. In place of the narrow, gloomy passage, whose available space is occupied with the hideous hat-rack and hard hall-chair, we have a square apartment, the staircase leading from it partially concealed by differently devised screens, a panelled ceiling, a hooded fireplace, a casement window, and behold your erstwhile front dining-room is ready for decorative schemes that may convert it into a bower of beauty at a cost that is out of all proportion to the improvement effected. The evolution of the hall remains, in fact, still to be encompassed; we have not realised its possibilities, while embellishing our dining-room, drawing-room, and even bedrooms. The sooner we set to work in converting it from a dreary, dimly lighted limbo into a place of welcomes and cheery meetings, the better it will be.

That clever designer of costumes and effects theatrical generally, Mr. Percy Anderson, has excelled himself in the dresses at the Lyric. Often have I sorrowed with the strangled Desdemona, but never with one more becomingly garbed than Miss Gertrude Elliott, whose golden wig, by the way, suits her *à merveille*. Historical accuracy impresses itself through all the panorama in this splendidly staged version of the Moor of Venice; and the enthusiastic reception which nightly greets Mr. Forbes-Robertson's acting is well deserved.

#### ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

ESPRIT.—Net gowns inset with lace, lace with jet; jet with silk medallions, are still fashionable, and either version will be a safe purchase for the present *demi-saison*. I saw a fascinating jet gown intermixed with Clair de Lune sequins at Redfern's last week. The skirt came down in points over a succession of chiffon flounces, which stood out all round in billowy waves. You might try them for your black dinner-frock. Their styles are so original.

SYBIL.

#### THE "DRIMOSIT" RUG.

The "Drimosit" Rug is an ideal article from the motorist's point of view. Of course, there are multitudes of rugs of all sorts which are more or less efficient, but each and all have some drawback, the chief being that, even if the rug keeps the legs and feet warm and affords protection against wet and cold, it is impossible to work the pedals on the footboard effectively while thus wrapped up. The "Drimosit," however, while thoroughly protecting the lower part of the trunk and



THE "DRIMOSIT" RUG.

the legs and feet, leaves the limbs free. It is, in fact, a sort of garment, being made with partial legs and roomy feet with thin leather soles, through which the pedals can be easily felt. Without unfastening the rug, the motorist can descend from his car to attend to any necessary requirement, and it makes no difference to him even if the seat is drenched with water. The new rug is made in all sorts of materials by Mr. J. W. Lovegrove, of 175, Piccadilly, W., and the automobilist who has once used his "Drimosit" is hardly likely to venture forth again without it.

Sir Ernest Cassel, who has been staying in Cairo and has now left for Sicily and Tunisia, has given yet another proof of his great benevolence. He has placed a very large sum—forty thousand pounds, it is said—at the disposal of Lord Cromer for the establishment and maintenance of a large Egyptian hospital for the study and treatment of ophthalmia. All who have travelled in the East will understand the value of the gift. Ophthalmia is very widely spread; some say it is introduced by the fine fragments of cactus that are always in the air; the lack of cleanliness among natives spreads it to an alarming extent, and the sufferers are blinded in a very little while. In Syria there are many villages where the majority of the children are suffering from ophthalmic disorders and where scores of little ones less than ten years old are quite blind.

#### THE KING OF PLAYGOERS.

FEELING that it would be interesting to *Sketch* readers to have some special information as to the King's method of playgoing, and knowing that in this, as in most mundane matters, much error prevails, methought that I would seize the opportunity of asking a few questions of my old friend, Mr. George Ashton, while he was "convalescing" at Bournemouth after his illness. From old experience, I well knew that what he does not know on this theme is not particularly worth bothering about. For in this connection Mr. Ashton not only transacts all His Majesty's theatre-booking arrangements, but also always goes along to see that all is in order. Also to personally attend to all His Majesty's wants while in the theatre. Mr. Ashton, however, is always very guarded in his speech concerning these matters. He ever dutifully and loyally respects his Royal patron's horror of self-advertisement and his unswerving desire to avoid causing the least inconvenience to his multitudes of playgoing subjects.

You must know that, in the first place, when His Majesty desires to see a certain play of which he has read or heard, he is anxious that the Management should treat him as though he were one of the ordinary public. For, like that ordinary public, His Majesty pays for his box, running an account at the Royal Library to that end. In the second place, he does not like his subjects or himself to be hindered with this or that "demonstration," with extra-special attention, or with National Anthem singing while, as the Shakspeare whom His Majesty loves, says, "some question of the play is to be considered."

In point of fact, His Majesty, being a good playgoer as well as a good King, objects very strongly to have his and his fellow-playgoers' enjoyment of the cunning of the scene in any way marred by outbursts however loyal.

His Majesty, also, very properly holds that, just because he has made up his mind to book his box at this or that show, it is nothing less than an insult to the audience assembled to delay in any way the current performance if he *should*, perchance, happen to be a little late—which, I may tell you, is a very rare thing with our monarch, as, indeed, it always was when he was Prince of Wales.

So anxious is His Majesty not to delay playgoers, especially of the humbler class, that he will often take steps to have the Management notified ahead that in no particular shall some vast show—such as a Drury Lane pantomime—be thrown back in its time of starting, which, of course, means ditto in its time of finishing. The King has, in these cases, always pointed out that large numbers of playgoers have many miles to travel to their respective dwellings, and that he no more than any other playgoer has the right to inconvenience the poorer patrons or hard-working employes of a theatre by keeping them waiting for a play to begin or to jeopardise their chances of getting home.

At most of the West-End theatres even more attention than hitherto is now paid to the arrangements and surroundings whenever the King and the Queen pay a visit. In some theatres—to name them would be invidious—the new Royal retiring, reading, and smoking rooms are things of beauty and a joy throughout His Majesty's stay. These Royal rooms, especially several of the newer kind lately inspected by me, are luxurious enough and cosy enough to lure one from the adjacent play altogether. But our King is an enthusiast, and when he goes to the play he not only, as I have said, is mostly there before the curtain rises and stays until the fall thereof, but he takes care not to overstay his *entr'acte* time, so anxious is he even in this matter not to disturb kind friends (and subjects) in front. In some instances, His Majesty will, between the Acts, seize the opportunity of congratulating some favourite player, such as Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. George Alexander, Sir Charles Wyndham, Mr. Hare, and, of course, Sir Henry Irving, in whom His Majesty has always manifested the deepest interest, even from the days of his early Heir-Apparentship. In those days, and right up to the time when Mr. Toole was compelled to retire through ill-health, that long merry low-comedian, honourable gentleman, and beloved friend was always a great favourite with our present King.

In olden times—yes, and not so very olden, either—whenever a King or a Queen went to the play, there were rows of troops along the route and in the wake of the Royal equipage, as though for protective purposes, forsooth! Indeed, so much formality and fuss were made that Royal playgoing was a fearsome thing to undertake. Our gracious King needs no such armed display, but prefers to travel about and to share his subjects' amusements as one of themselves. In conclusion, it may be said that our theatrical managers and players heartily and gratefully welcome a visit from the Monarch, not only because such visit always sends "returns" up by leaps and bounds, but also—and, indeed, chiefly—because by his punctuality, his earnest attention to the piece before him, his deep appreciation and hearty applause of all worthy effort, and his wide knowledge of and love for the drama, His Majesty is the very King of Playgoers.

H. CHANCE NEWTON.

#### TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Forty (from October 22, 1902, to January 14, 1903) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, London.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 10.*

## THE MARKET OUTLOOK.

THE Bank return was again very favourable, and an early reduction of the rate is now confidently expected. Investment stocks have all benefited by the prospect, and the appearance of the Government broker in the Consols Market during the week (and after so many months' absence) made the jobbers quite cheerful. Cheap



LANCKON ESTATE, BRITISH NORTH BORNEO: THE ASSISTANT'S HOUSE.

money and a revival of the Sinking Fund purchases would soon affect the price.

It cannot be denied that the Venezuelan difficulty and the methods employed by our friend the Kaiser are not reassuring. The sooner we get quit of our ally with his "mailed fist" ideas, the better the market will be pleased, for there are not a few frequenters of Capel Court who think, and openly say, that the chief object of the German Emperor is to embroil us with the United States, and that there is very little he will stick at if he can carry out his purpose. A few more bombardments and such an outbreak of American feeling might be exhibited as would seriously affect prices in every market.

The passing by the Chilean Congress of the Transandine Railway Scheme is a material manifestation of how much the relations between Chili and Argentina have improved, and the signing of the treaty between the United States and Colombia has considerably improved the price of the latter's bonds, so that all South American securities have been buoyant, and even Honduras have climbed to the giddy height of 6½.

In several markets the professionals have made things look almost bright; and especially has this been the case in West Australians, where it would take but a small amount of public support to materially improve prices. Last week, we referred to Sons of Gwalia, and since then we have been able to obtain information which ought to be authentic. During the last fifteen months the Company has, out of revenue, paid off over £60,000 of debt, and at present has a clean sheet, with some £7000 in hand. The earnings show about £6000 or £6500 a month profit, and the latest mine-reports are favourable, so that by the end of next May a dividend of 10 per cent. should be declared. If this information is correct—it comes from the best source—the shares at about £1 7s. 6d. are worth picking up, especially as there are no large blocks to come on the market, as far as our informant knows.

## THE QUESTION OF PREFERENCE RIGHTS.

Several of our contemporaries have been exercising themselves over the coming reorganisation of the Welsbach capital, in which it is clear that some curtailment of the Preference shareholders' full "pound of flesh" will be asked for, and several letters have appeared in various papers denouncing beforehand any scheme which gives the Ordinary or Deferred shareholders one single penny. This may be all very well as declamation, or oratorical fireworks, but it is not practical business. In this world, men have to build with the materials at hand, and not with some ideal substance which can only be got at vast expense and from impossible distances, and so it is with Company Directors. To carry out any reorganisation of capital, the votes of all classes of shareholders are necessary, and, as many most honest people have serious objections to voting their own death-warrant, it is useless to expect that any scheme can be carried which wipes out completely any class of holders. How can reasonable Preference shareholders expect their brethren, who hold only Deferred shares, to actively support proposals, however inherently just, whereby the whole

Deferred capital is merely wiped out. Practical business-men, whether they be Directors or Preference shareholders, must recognise that, if you want the votes of the Ordinary or Deferred shareholders, you must give something for them, and, in framing a scheme no less than in supporting or opposing it, the real question for Preference holders to consider is, whether the least possible amount of their legal right has been given away for the advantages to be derived from the reorganisation. We hope any Welsbach scheme will be tried by this standard.

## ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

## The Stock Exchange.

Well, it is no use sitting here chewing the end of my pen in a vain endeavour to discover how to start these lucubrations. I don't know, dear my Reader, to what extent you have dipped into the shallow seas of journalism or the deeper water of book-writing, but no doubt you find yourself frequently posed with the question, "How shall I commence?" even though it be a mere business letter you are inditing. For the life of me I cannot start well or quickly. It is galling to think of the time wasted upon gazing at the copy-paper, stirring up the ink, smoking cigarettes, and other subtle devices which you may think are calculated to make your fancies flow. Do you never feel the same sort of thing yourself? However, I am aloft now, and will hoist my sail of Consols—I refer to no bear operation, of course—in the calm assurance that it will carry me to the fair haven of your confidence and my own sequent repose.

No, you must not sell your Consols just now. Truly a rise is sweet, and pleasant it is to the eye of the proprietor who holds the advanced security, but 'twould seem shame to part with Goschens at anything under 94½ or 95. I know all about the big bull-account, but I also know how the heavy contango rate which rules during the morning develops a sliding scale on the downward track shortly after lunch. The public are bulls of Consols; that is the chief argument against not buying the stock just now, but the wary speculator, or speculative investor, will carefully watch for the price to droop a little—as it probably will as the Transvaal Loan time draws nigh—and he will secure half the amount he feels it would be good to have. If the price goes up he can take his profit, and if it goes the other way he is able to buy the second moiety cheaper than the first.

A definite end to all the War borrowing will come as a great relief to the gilt-edged departments in general, and possibly public attention may revert to the Home Railway prior stocks, which have for so long languished in neglect. Of course, it is all very well to talk vaguely of the apathy of the public in relation to high-class investment securities, but surely some lengthy period will have to be passed by this country before the effects of the War are entirely eradicated. Besides the vast sum spent on the struggle, and in various indirect ways connected with it, the moneyed public has been positively glutted with cheap, gilt-edged classes of stock until digestion grew surfeited. We all know pretty well that the banks, Trust Companies, financial institutions of every kind, are stuffed up to the doors with stock they found themselves compelled to take when issuing any new loan. In the face of such platitudes as these, I maintain that the House cannot hope with any degree of logic for the booming business which the current year was going to bring in its train. Nevertheless, the man with cash finds a splendid field of strict Trust investments spread before his gaze, and judicious purchases now, I am convinced, will show handsome returns hereafter in the shape of enhanced capital value. But I think he should steer clear of the Australian loans.

Tales about transfer-deeds are mostly nutty—chestnutty, I mean—but here is a new and a true one. The other day, the transfer of some shares was sent to a foreign client for signature, and it chanced that the Company had an issue of "rights" on hand. With the request that the client would sign and return the transfer, the broker wrote asking him to also forward the renunciation-letter in respect of the "rights," and mentioned that the signature attached to the renunciation-form would have to be made across a sixpenny stamp. In due course the transfer came back. There was no renunciation with it, but the client explained that he had put the sixpenny stamp on the transfer and signed across that! And he had.

You may accuse me of having water on the brain, O Reader mine, but it won't prevent me coming round to Water stocks again. Whatsoever things are good in the investment markets, Water stocks are better, and you can buy yourself any of the Metropolitan things until you haven't a rag to your back. (Need I say that this last language is but allegorical?) All in good time the Water Commission will proceed with its dry labours, and if the Stock Exchange witnesses do not create a profound impression as to the injured, innocent darlings which stockholders in the Water Companies are, then I know nothing of the ways of Capel Court.

Red-hot Kaffir tips are rather at a discount now, so I'll just reserve mine until the market looks like moving. Oh, yes, I know you will clamour for them straight away; but as there is not the least likelihood of your acting upon them, what is the use of my laying such wares before your eyes? Moreover, I must confess to a slight touch of pessimism in reference to a Kaffir boom coming within the next few days. Devoutly thankful as I should be to welcome a fresh access of business in South Africans, the outlook is hardly promising. Too much, however, is being made of the labour problem. Those who are on the spot have their own ideas as to what



LANCKON ESTATE: LOADING TOBACCO.

legislation there should be upon the subject, and it may be boldly argued that the powers in South Africa are stronger than Chamberlain, stronger than the supine Government now in power, strong enough to gain their own ends if they conclude that Chinese labour is a necessary evil. The sending out of ten thousand British navvies is an idea as interesting as it is foolish—that is to say, if the men selected are typical of the British workman who possesses such a keen sense of independence that he cheerfully binds himself slave to some Union whose principal part it is to stifle the industry with which it meddles. It cannot be too often insisted that the labour difficulties are not permanent: the more acute they grow, the nearer must be the ultimate solution, for it is absurd to imagine that so rich a country must be for ever starved for lack of men to win its wealth. Hence the reason for retaining, locking up, re-buying Kaffirs despite set-back or slump. The speculator in this market has my commiseration, but not the man who takes up his shares with the view of holding them for better days. To the former I would suggest that he may with a certain amount of safety bear East Rands and Gold Fields after any sharp advance of five or ten shillings, because the probabilities all point to an erratic course, see-sawing prices up and down for some months prior to any rise that shall be more than temporary.

If all the tales be true which are now current concerning the Etruscan Copper Company, the shares must assuredly go to 4 again. But where doctors disagree, what hope is there for the amateur? Nevertheless, from what one hears, there would seem to be good ground for supposing Etruscans to be in for a further rise, and speculators need not mind risking a few coppers in the gamble: there may be more in it than meets the eye. With which remark I'll bid good-bye to all who've pleased to saunter, Thro' paths made straight financially, by Y. v. t. HOUSE HAUNTER.

#### THE HOME RAILWAY DIVIDENDS.

Sentiments of semi-sorrow are beginning to steal over the mind of the student who devotes any serious attention to the Home Railway Market; the dividend declarations up to the present have been good, but their improvement creates no answering echoes in the prices of the stocks. Public interest in the market goes so far as to demand wires from brokers announcing the results as they are published in the House, but there it seems to stop, for buying on behalf of outsiders is just as conspicuous as ever by its absence. Patience is still as necessary as before to those who have been holding Railway stocks for years and hardly had a chance to realise at a profit. Though one may not wish to sell, it is pleasant to contemplate one's investments standing at something over cost, and, when they fail to do this with the dull pertinacity of Home Railway stocks, the investor is apt to ask whether his security is worth holding, after all.

#### RESULTS OF THE CRUSADE.

The recent reform crusade does not appear to have made much difference to the way in which the Companies' accounts are being presented, but one effect of the recent agitation is obvious in the strenuous striving after reduction in working costs. And this is a feature which forms, perhaps, the hopefulest phase in the Railway statements now forthcoming day by day. Of course, the question as to capital expenditure is more or less a matter for discussion at the meeting of proprietors, and those who are seriously engaged in the direction of reform should concentrate their energies upon this vital point. Possibly the aid of the Press may be invoked, and in advance we pity the unhappy Midland. We know at least one scribe on the daily papers who is already sharpening his pencil and unearthing the Company's record in the direction of capital affairs.

#### MINING MATTERS.

West Australians have made a name unto themselves during the last week or so by the rapid way in which they have thrown off the effects of years of lassitude and revived in real earnest. While it is a little difficult to discern any special reason for the advance beyond the very vague one of the new water-supply to Coolgardie and Kalgoorlie, it has to be said that the buying movement was started by firms in the South African market who are not noted for taking up merely wild gambles. The public is looking on, and at the moment it is impossible to define what the actual prospects of the market are: everything is so purely professional. West Africans are also shooting into notice, and Amalgamated could have been sold at a handsome profit above the price at which they stood when we ventured to tip them a week or two back.

British North Borneo is bulking pretty considerably in the public eye this year, and much more is likely to be heard of it in the near future. For our illustrations this week we have to thank the courtesy of the well-known Chartered Company operating in the island.

Saturday, Jan. 24, 1903.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

SUGAR LOAF.—We do not know the Company you name, but if you mean "African City Properties Trust," although the outlook is not happy and there are three years and a-half of Cumulative Preference dividend to make up, we should not advise selling now. The possibilities of the country under British rule are great.

KHAKI.—The Bank would not be good enough for our own money. It is a bill-of-sale, money-lending sort of concern, which can only afford to pay the rates of interest advertised by charging borrowers 15 or 20 per cent., and the security of such persons is risky.

A. H.—The following might suit you as speculative purchases; (1) British Electric Traction shares, (2) City of Buenos Ayres Tram Debentures, (3) Johannesburg Waterworks, (4) Gas Light and Coke Ordinary. We have confined ourselves to the class of stock you mention.

VOX.—We should not sell the Gas stock, which, in our view, is unduly depressed at present. If a correspondent had asked for "a sound stock which has a possibility of growing in value," we should probably have recommended exactly what you propose to sell. The Bank is first-rate, but it is difficult to see why the shares should materially improve in value. We would rather, from your point of view, buy Consols and hold them for a year or two.

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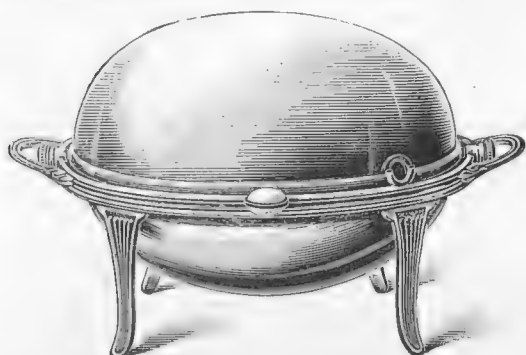


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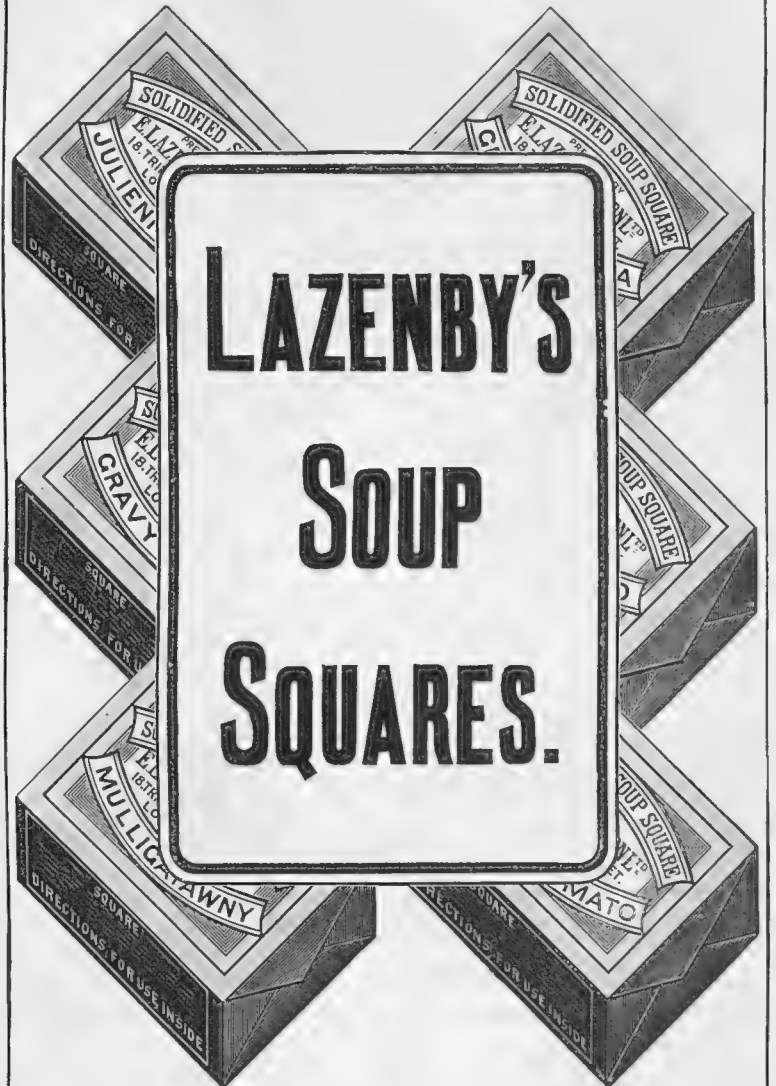


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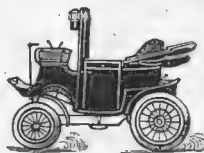
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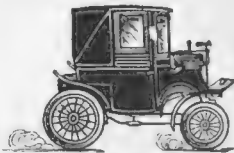
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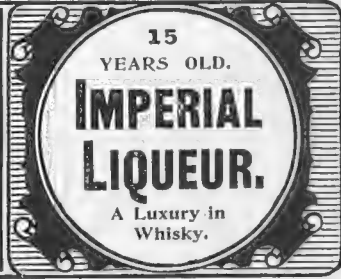


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HAND MADE. FREE FROM DUSTY TOBACCO.

HARMLESS TO THE THROAT.

No. 555:

4/9

per 100;

1/3 per 25.

(Packed in Fancy Cream Boxes.)

# STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTES

ASTORIAS

(Billiard Room Size):

6/6

per 100;

1/10 per 25.

(Packed in Eau-de-Nil Boxes.)

IF ANY DIFFICULTY IS EXPERIENCED IN OBTAINING SUPPLY IN ANY PART OF THE WORLD (with the exception of those countries where Government monopoly exists), communicate direct with—

Manufacturers: **ARDATH TOBACCO COMPANY, LONDON, E.C.**

## PRICE'S



## CANDLES.



FOR DINING & DRAWING ROOMS



FOR USE UNDER SHADES



**says—**

writes as follows—

"Thanks for the

"Thanks for the excellent cigars. I never wish to smoke anything better. **A most** beautiful flavour."

**Mr. A. W. PINERO**, our leading Dramatist, writes — "Mr. Pinero has pleasure in saying that he has smoked some of the Marsduna Cigars sent him as samples by Messrs. H. Andiamo & Co., and that he has found them **excellent**. He congratulates Messrs. Andiamo on being able to put such a cigar on the market."

Sizes.	Packed in Boxes containing	Cost per Sample Box.	Total Cost per 100 Cigars to Buyer, carriage paid.
No. 1—"SURAMEA" .. ..	25	10 -	40 -
" 2—"SURAMBARTA" .. ..	25	15 -	60 -
" 3—"SURANAKMA" .. ..	25	20 -	80 -
" 4—"SURONA" .. ..	25	30 -	120 -
" 5—"SURONATA" .. ..	10	20 -	200 -

Sizes.	Packed in Boxes containing	Cost per Sample Box.	Total Cost per 100 Cigars.	Length of Cigars.
No. 1—"SIK" (WHIFFS)	100	8-	8-	3 in.
" 2—"SUNBA" ..	50	7 6	15 -	4 " "
" 3—"SURABEGAL ..	100	18 6	18 6	4 " "
" 4—"SURABAYA" ..	50	10 -	20 -	4 " "
" 5—"SURABAKARTA ..	75	7 5	28 -	4 " "
" 6—"SURABARANG ..	25	10 -	40 -	4 " "

Your tobacconist (if satisfied with fair profit) can obtain them for you. If you have any difficulty, write to us, and we will send name of nearest tobacconist who stocks them; or forward you boxes direct upon receipt of P.O. or cheque; carriage paid. Full value returned if not satisfied after smoking few cigars.

H. ANDIAMIO & CO., HAVANNA, near Congleton, ENGLAND.

Carriage paid to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom, on 3 doz. Pints, or 6 doz. Half-pints.

To be obtained of all STORES AND AGENTS, or of

**A. LE COQ & CO., Southwark, London, S.E.**

*"Refresh yourselves, and feel the soothing pleasures of a dreamy rest."*

(Nestor Gianacalis—Cairo.)

Of all Tobacconists and Stores throughout the World and 10, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W

The Premier Egyptian Cigarette for the last 20 years, and still the same remarkable flavour and aroma. Beware of English-made so called Egyptian Cigarettes, and see that each Package bears the Government stamp.

**LAGAVULIN DISTILLERY,  
ISLAND OF ISLAY, N.B.**



*Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.*

**PREVENTS the DECAY of the TEETH.**

RENDERS THE TEETH PEARLY WHITE.

*Is partly composed of Honey and Extracts from  
Sweet Herbs and Plants.*

IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS AND DELICIOUS TO THE TASTE.

*Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World, 2/6 per Bottle.*

**Welcome always, keep it handy.**

Ask for **GRANT'S**, and don't be put off  
with inferior makes.

Also Grant's Sloe Gin, Cherry Whisky, &c.

**T. GRANT and SONS, Maidstone.**

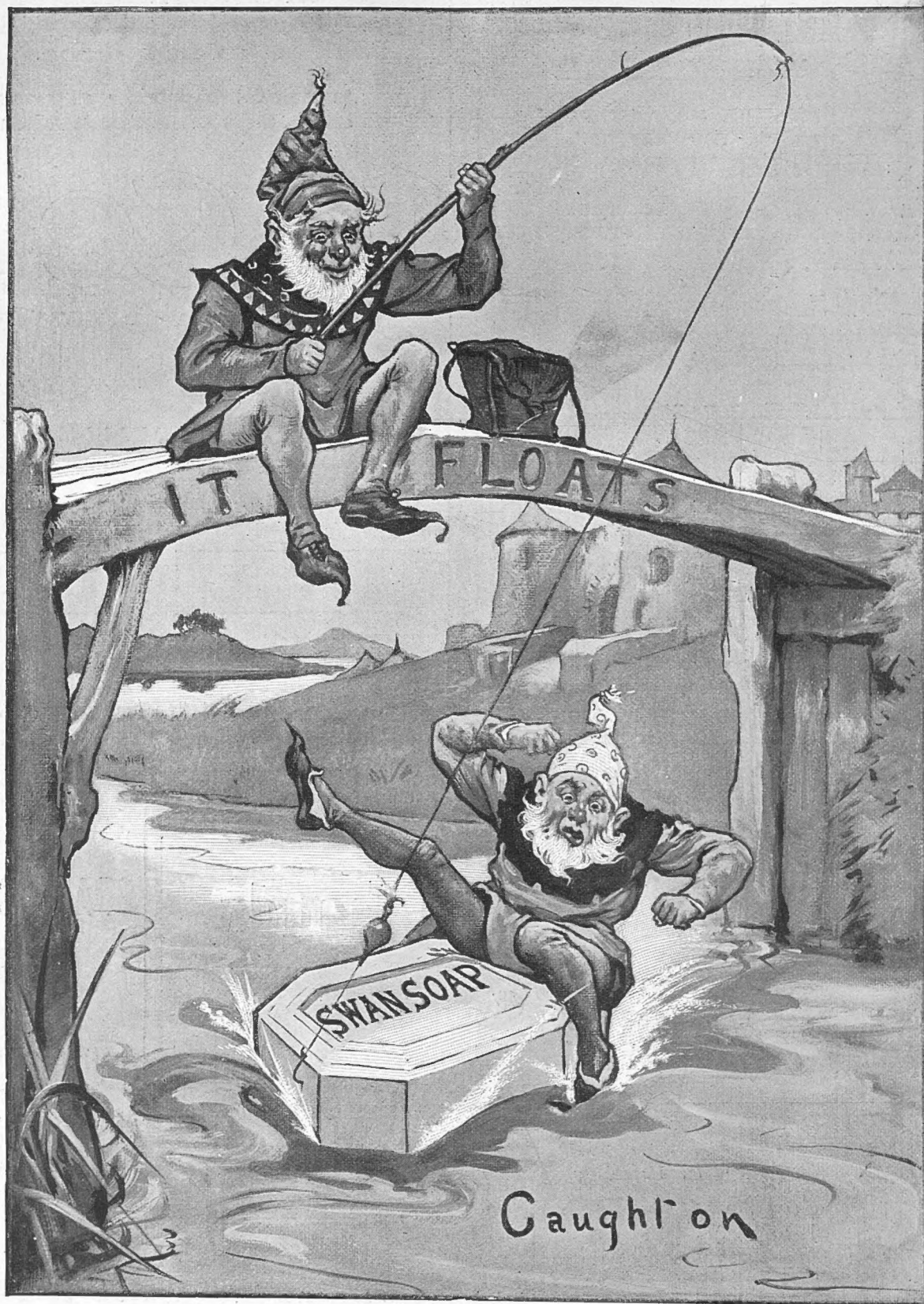
## The "Raplin"

Price  
**£10**

Write for List F 53.

**Pulsometer Engineering  
Company, Limited,  
READING.**



**SWAN SOAP.**

Just the Thing for the Bath.

**SWAN SOAP.**

Always in Sight.

**SWAN SOAP.**

Never Forgotten—No Waste.

**SWAN WHITE SOAP**

FLOATING

**DAINTY, FRAGRANT, PURE.**

RISES TO THE SURFACE LIKE CREAM.

**A Purer Soap is beyond the Art of Soapmaking.****SWAN SOAP.**

Light, Buoyant, Fragrant.

**SWAN SOAP.**

Pure, Refreshing, Economical.

**SWAN SOAP.**

For all Toilet Purposes.



# ST. JACOBS OIL

POSITIVELY CURES

Rheumatism  
Neuralgia  
Backache  
Headache  
Feetache  
All Bodily Aches  
AND

## CONQUERS PAIN.

# ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL FOR THE HAIR

UNSURPASSED.

UNEQUALLED.

Use it for your own and your children's hair and you will find it Preserves, Nourishes, Enriches and Restores it more effectually than anything else. Golden Colour for fair or grey hair.

Bottles, 3/6, 7/-, 10/6 Sold by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers and ROWLAND'S, 67, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON.

# MILLIONS OF WOMEN



Preserve, Purify, and Beautify the Skin, Scalp, Hair and Hands with

## Cuticura SOAP

MILLIONS OF WOMEN use CUTICURA SOAP, assisted by CUTICURA OINTMENT, for beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itches, and irritations, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Millions of women use CUTICURA SOAP in baths for annoying irritations, inflammations, and ulcerations, and for many sanative, antiseptic purposes, which readily suggest themselves to women.

### Complete Treatment for Humours,

Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP (1s.), to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales; CUTICURA OINTMENT (2s. 6d.), to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal; and CUTICURA RESOLVENT PILLS (1s. 1 1/2d.), to cool and cleanse the blood. A single set is often sufficient to cure.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT PILLS (Chocolate Coated) are a new, tasteless, odourless, economical substitute for the celebrated Liquid CUTICURA RESOLVENT, as well as for all other blood purifiers and humour cures. 60 doses, 1s. 1 1/2d.

Sold throughout the world. The SET, 4s. 9d., postpaid, of F. NEWBURY & SONS, British Depot, 27-28, Charterhouse Sq., London. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

This Outside Heater Ensures Your Absolute Safety



YOU CAN enjoy all the invigorating and beneficial delights of every form of hot air or vapour Baths privately in your own room. Folds up when not in use. DR. GORDON STABLES says: "Foot's Bath Cabinet is the best." Send for 'Bath Book,' free. J. FOOT & SON, Dept. C. B. 13, 171, New Bond Street, LONDON, W.

## Foot's Safety Bath Cabinet

# FRUIT SEEDS ROSES

Nothing so profitable and easy to grow. 80 Acres of Saleable Trees

THE BEST PROCURABLE. Lists Free

HUNDREDS of THOUSANDS. Bushes in variety. Packing and Carriage free for Cash with order. 8/- per doz., 60/- per 100. All other Nursery Stock Carriage forward.

ROSES in POTS From 15/- a doz.

Ornamental Trees, 91 Acres, A Superb Collection of Herbaceous Plants, Four Acres of Glass, Clematis (80,000 from 15 - doz. N.B.—Single Plants are sold at slightly increased prices.

### GENERAL CATALOGUE

(190 pages) of Nursery Stock, artistically produced containing some hundreds of illustrations, and full of valuable information, free on receipt of 3d. for postage. Please mention this Paper.

RICHARD SMITH & CO., WORCESTER

## ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST, Ltd.

And 156 TO 170, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. TWO PRIZE MEDALS Paris, 1889.

Collars, Gentlemen's 4-fold, from 4/11 per doz.

Cuffs for Ladies or Gentlemen, from 5/11 per doz.

Shirts, Fine Quality Long Cloth, with 4-fold pure Linen Fronts, 35/6 per 1/2 doz. (to measure, 2/- extra).

POST FREE.

N.B.—Old Shirts made good as new with good materials in Neck Bands, Cuffs, and Fronts, for 14/- the 1/2 doz.

N.B.—To prevent delay, all Letter Orders and inquiries for Samples should be sent direct to Belfast.

### LINEN COLLARS, CUFFS SAMPLES & PRICE—AND SHIRTS.

LISTS

POST FREE.

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## TO Ladies All the most beautiful women use CRÈME SIMON

M<sup>me</sup> ADELINA PATTI says: « Have found it very good Indeed »

For restoring and beautifying the complexion it is unequalled. Chaps, Sunburn, Redness, Roughness disappear as if by magic.

### SAVON, POUDRE SIMON

J. SIMON

59, Faubourg Saint-Martin, Paris 10<sup>e</sup>

Chemists — Hairdressers — Perfumers and Stores.

MERTENS, 64, Holborn Viaduct, E.C. LONDON

## DON'T COUGH for KEATING'S LOZENGES EASILY CURE THE WORST COUGH.

One gives relief. An increasing sale of over 80 years is a certain test of their value. Sold in 133d. tins everywhere.

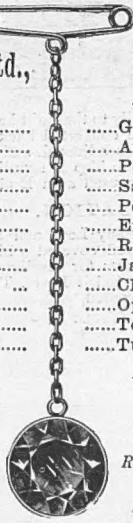
## THE LUCKY BIRTH CHARMS

CAN ONLY BE OBTAINED FROM

S. SMITH & SON, Ltd., 104, STRAND, LONDON.

January .....	..... Garnet.
February .....	..... Amethyst.
March .....	..... Peridot.
April .....	..... Sapphire.
May .....	..... Pearl.
June .....	..... Emerald.
July .....	..... Ruby.
August .....	..... Jacinth.
September .....	..... Chrysolite.
October .....	..... Opal.
November .....	..... Topaz.
December .....	..... Turquoise.

Mounted in Gold. PRICE 10/6 EACH.



Warning—Registered Design.

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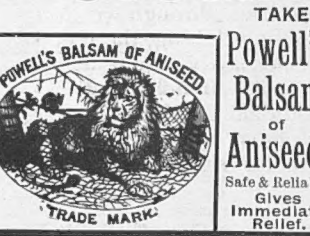
"The Best Bicycle that British workmanship can produce."

TRIUMPH CYCLE CO., LTD., GOVENTRY.

4 & 5, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. 30, Deansgate Arcade, Manchester. Art Catalogue Gratis.



## FOR COUGHS



TAKE Powell's Balsam of Aniseed. Safe & Reliable Gives Immediate Relief.

## THE ANCIENT WRITING PAPER OF THE PRIESTS.

NOTE PAPER, 5 Quires, 1s.

COURT ENVELOPES, 1s. per 100.

MOURNING ENVELOPES, 1s. 6d. per 100.

THIN, FOR FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE, 5 Quires, 1s.

MOURNING NOTE, 5 Quires, 1s. 6d.

# HIERATICA (Regd.)

Every Sheet and Envelope Watermarked HIERATICA. Reject Imitations. Any difficulty in obtaining, send stamps to our new address, Hieratica Works, Hill St., Finsbury, London, E.C. Samples Free. Parcels Carriage Paid.



# RILEY'S BILLIARD TABLES

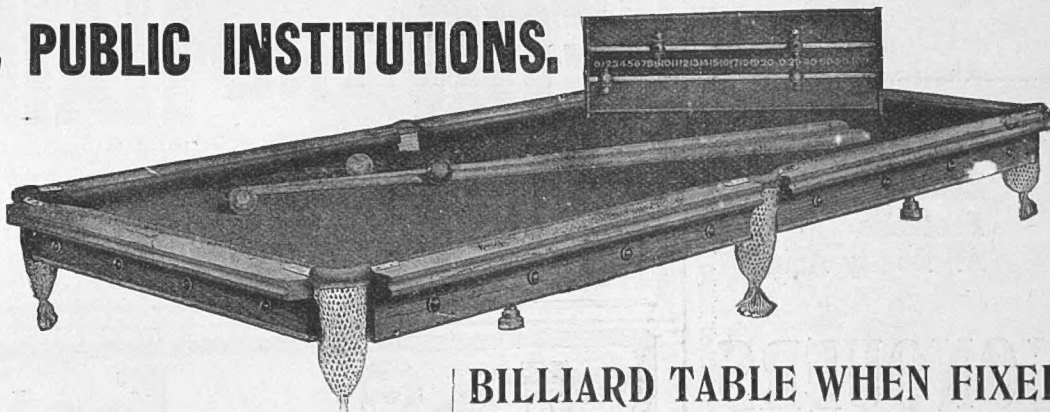
FOR

PRIVATE HOUSES & PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

**Portable  
Billiard Tables**

**NOT A TOY.**

Money returned if not perfectly satisfactory.



**BILLIARD TABLE WHEN FIXED  
ON DINING TABLE.**

This Illustration shows a Billiard Table ready to place on any Dinner Table and instantly removable. It is very popular "at home," and is very much appreciated by those who cannot accommodate a full-sized Billiard Table.

**SPECIFICATION.**

Miniature Billiard Table to stand on Dining Table. Made in Mahogany, Best Bangor Slate Bed, Adjustable Feet, Rubber Shod, Low Frost-Proof Rubber Cushions, 2 Cues, Set of Large Ivory or the new Crystalate Balls, Mahogany Marking Board, Spirit Level, Box of Tips, Wafers, Chalk, and good Rest. When not in use, they can be stored on end or side against a wall. These tables will stand on Dining Tables 2 ft. under their own size.

SIZE.	CASH PRICE.
4 ft. 4 in. by 2 ft. 4 in. ... ..	£4 10 0
5 ft. 4 in. by 2 ft. 10 in. ... ..	5 5 0
6 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 4 in. ... ..	6 0 0

**SPECIAL QUALITY.**

6 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 4 in. ... ..	7 0 0
7 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 10 in. ... ..	9 5 0

Easy Payment List sent Free.

Delivered Carriage Paid at our risk.

**DINING & BILLIARD TABLES COMBINED**

OUR LATEST NEW BILLIARD  
AND  
DINING TABLE COMBINED.



The easiest to manipulate of any yet invented. It is so arranged that the Billiard Table can be raised instantly and

automatically to the right height required when playing Billiards, and can be converted back to Dining Table in a few seconds. The Table is adjusted, and a perfect level is assured. A Loose Dining Table Top is supplied which entirely covers up Billiard Table when used as a Dining Table.

**SPECIFICATION.**

Combined Billiard and Dining Table, Solid Thick Mahogany Legs and Sides, Solid Mahogany Low Billiard Cushions fitted with Frost-Proof Rubber, best Slate Bed covered with Superior Billiard Cloth, 6 Strong Netted Pockets, Brass Pocket Plates, Brass Adjustments for levelling, Mahogany Marking Board, with Ebonite Pockets, Set of Ivory Balls, 3 Cues, 1 Rest, Spirit Level, Tips, Cement, &c. All woodwork is handsomely French Polished and Table warranted, and including Dining Table top.

**BILLIARD AND DINING TABLE AS ABOVE.**

Size of Billiard Table ... ..	5 ft. 4 in. ... ..	6 ft. 4 in. ... ..	7 ft. 4 in. ... ..
Size of Dining Table ... ..	5 ft. 8 in. ... ..	6 ft. 8 in. ... ..	7 ft. 8 in. ... ..
CASH PRICES ... ..	£12 0 0 ... ..	£13 10 0 ... ..	£17 0 0 ... ..

**REVERSIBLE BILLIARD AND  
DINING TABLE.**

A most admirable arrangement where it is not convenient to have a room specially devoted to Billiards. There are no leaves to lift off, and no screwing machinery to get out of order; but by the simple act of turning over the inside of the table, which acts on a swivel, the Dining Table is converted to a Billiard Table, and vice versa, in five seconds. When once adjusted, it remains perfectly true, and most accurate Billiards can be played.

**SIZES AND PRICES.**

Dining Table	Making a Billiard Table.	
6 ft. by 3½ ft. ... ..	5 ft. by 2½ ft. ... ..	20 Guineas.
7 ft. by 4 ft. ... ..	6 ft. by 3 ft. ... ..	23 "
8 ft. by 4½ ft. ... ..	7 ft. by 3½ ft. ... ..	28 "
9 ft. by 5 ft. ... ..	8 ft. by 4 ft. ... ..	34 "

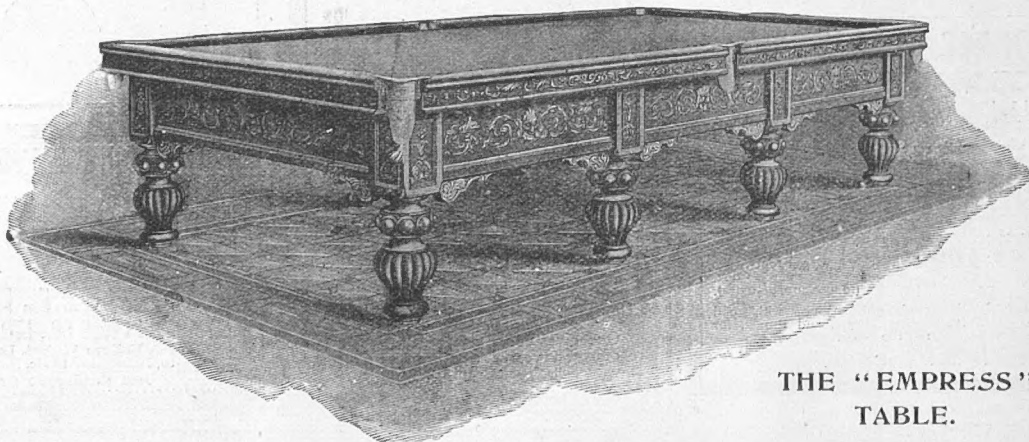
A REALLY HANDSOME PIECE  
OF FURNITURE.  
**FULL SIZE BILLIARD TABLES,**  
45 to 250 GUINEAS.

Complete Heavy  
**BILLIARD TABLES**  
for Small Rooms.

**PRICES:**

6 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 4 in. ... ..	15 Guineas.
7 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 10 in. ... ..	18 "
8 ft. 4 in. by 4 ft. 4 in. ... ..	25 "
9 ft. 4 in. by 4 ft. 10 in. ... ..	32 "
8 ft. and 9 ft. sizes have six legs.	

Solid Mahogany Legs and Cushions, Best Thick Bangor Slates, Fast Low Frost-Proof Cushions, Bolted (not screwed), Superior Billiard Cloth, Handsome Marking Board, 6 Cues, Ivory Balls, Cue Rack, Dust Cover, Rest, Brush, Iron, &c. (Made to suit full-size balls if required)



THE "EMPRESS"  
TABLE.

**FREE.**

Full Detailed Catalogue, with Illustrations of all kinds of Home Billiards, Billiard and Dining Tables, Combined Couch, Billiard, and Dining Table, all kinds Small and Full-Size Tables and Sundries.

London Show-Rooms: 147, ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.

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**E. J. RILEY, Limited, BILLIARD TABLE BUILDERS, ACCRINGTON.**